The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 80. Vol. XIV. MAY, 1898. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June *in the* July *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York, have arranged with Mr. Clement Shorter for an edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Memoir of Charlotte Brontë" to serve as a companion volume to his "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle," which has had a large sale in the United States. The new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's famous book will contain an introduction, a large number of notes and numerous illustrations, hitherto unpublished. For the introduction and notes Mr. Shorter will be able to draw upon a mass of new correspondence and documents which have come into his hands since the publication of his "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle."

The annotation of a classical biography would seem to be almost demanded after a certain number of years, so constantly are new facts brought to light. Edward Malone, indeed, annotated Boswell's "Johnson" within eight years of the publication of that work and within four years of Boswell's death. Malone's notes, it need scarcely be said, have been incorporated in all subsequent editions. Croker, it may be noted, brought out his much-discussed edition of Boswell, with its all too copious annotation, only forty years after the first publication of the great biography. Curiously enough, in spite of Macaulay's castigation of Croker, and perhaps because of it, Boswell's "Johnson" did not begin to sell very largely until Croker edited it. In John Murray's Life we are informed that his firm have sold fifty thousand copies of Croker's "Boswell," whereas in Boswell's own lifetime there were not three thousand copies sold.

It will re-assure the many friends of Mr. H. G. Wells to hear that the recent disturbing reports concerning his health have, so far as Mr. Wells is himself aware, no good foundation. He is enjoying his rest and holiday in Italy, and the latest letter from him reports that he never felt better than at the present time. He will probably return to England in the early part of June.

Mr. Grant Richards is to publish Jane Austen's novels in ten volumes uniform with the new Edinburgh Stevenson. Mr. J. M. Dent did very well with his edition of Jane Austen, and indeed sold several thousand copies. Messrs. Bentley, however, still have the advantage over competitors by the possession of two copyrights, the short story of "Lady Susan" and the fragment of "The Watsons." That firm also is understood to be preparing a new and elaborate edition of Macaulay's favourite novelist.

Dr. Wallace's book on the progress of the century is to be published in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. It will probably be delayed on that side until the autumn. American publishers seem to anticipate a total absence of business until, as one of them puts it, the war is finished or they have become accustomed to it.

In spite of war and rumours of war, we hear that Mr. S. R. Crockett has gone to spend a well-earned holiday in Spain. He was to land at Barcelona and then strike inland on a walking tour, which will probably last some five or six weeks. Before starting Mr. Crockett had completed the whole of his new novel which is to be published in the *Queen* during the second half of this year. The story is to be entitled "The Black Douglas."

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling have had a most enjoyable holiday in South Africa. They sailed for home in the *Norham Castle*, and are expected to be in England before the end of the month (April). They will spend a few days in town before returning to their home at Brighton.

At the annual meeting of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd., which was largely attended, Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, who retires from the managing directorship, read a long statement. He indicated that owing to the Jubilee year business had practically been arrested for several months, and also that a large amount of capital had been locked up in the new editions of Charles Dickens and Carlyle. These editions, however, were doing well, and he anticipated a better state of affairs next year. The profit on new books had exceeded by £300 the amount realised the year before. Mr. Crawfurd went on to say that he had severed his connection with the firm because he had not been able to carry the directors with him on two points. It was his opinion that publishers now must (1) reduce working expenses to the lowest limit, (2) rely upon serials as well as books, books not being sufficient to realise the necessary profit. Mr. Crawfurd said that he had secured all rights of Sir Walter Besant's new novel, and had some expectation of a new novel from Mr. Mallock. He did not agree with the policy of the directors in not paying a dividend this year, as he thought a dividend had been earned.

A somewhat spirited discussion followed. It was agreed that no dividend should be paid, and that the amount of profit realised should be written off from the goodwill of the business. Mr. Edmunds questioned the valuation of the Dickens copyrights and stereos, and of the stock. To this it was replied that the valuations had been very deliberately made by Mr. H. A. Moncrieff, who declined to reduce them. A cordial tribute was paid by

Dr. Nicoll to Mr. Crawfurd's services. It was announced that Mr. Courtney, of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Fortnightly Review*, would join the Board and assist in the literary editorship of the firm.

Mr. Seton Merriman is travelling in Russia with a view to another long story of Russia in the vein of "The Sowers." The strange fascination of Muscovy for the novelist is as strong as ever apparently. Mr. Steevens, of the *Daily Mail*, may possibly go to Russia for some time, so soon as wars and the rumours of wars permit. He is to make two books of his recent travels in Egypt; the first dealing with Cairo and Egypt proper, the second with the Soudan and our campaign there.

Major Arthur Griffiths is contemplating a series of stories based upon the romance of crime so far as the criminal history of the century permits. He will find his heroines in the London prisons of forty and fifty years ago, and treat, from a story-teller's point of view, some of the most startling cases in the Calendar. This is a series which should be very interesting.

There is at present quite a controversy raging in Scotland over Mr. William Wallace's recent volume, "The Burns-Dunlop Correspondence." Competent critics of the *un*common Burnsite type regarded the volume as very complete in its way; and it was certainly satisfactory to have the letters, which previous biographers of the poet had mutilated and Bowdlerised, presented in their native integrity. Mr. J. C. Ewing, of Glasgow, was not of that opinion, and, like a free-born North Briton, he "wrote to the papers" to tell the world so. He does not like Mr. Wallace's latest volume; he does not admire Mr. Wallace's edition of Chambers's "Life and Works of Robert Burns"; and he has grave doubts about the accuracy of Henley and Henderson's Centenary Burns. But when his complaints about all three books are calmly examined, they do not amount to much. It seems that though Mr. Wallace made a goodly-sized volume of the correspondence, there were actually three letters in existence which he could not obtain. Two of these he noted as "missing"; the other he did not discover. Anyone who knows practically what editing a volume of this kind means, will look upon this omission as a venial fault. Besides, as Mr. Wallace had employed Mr. Ewing to collate some of the MSS. for his edition of Chambers's "Burns," it was hardly friendly on Mr. Ewing's part to withhold the knowledge of the whereabouts of this missing letter from Mr. Wallace.

Replying to Mr. Ewing's attack, Mr. Wallace makes a very good defence. He never assumed omniscience on the subject of the Burns-Dunlop Correspondence, but, like every other editor of Letters, he asked the co-operation of everyone who knew where such documents were to be found, and he always courteously acknowledged any assistance which he received. It was, therefore, taking an unfair advantage of him for Mr. Ewing to remain silent on the matter so that he might querulously complain about the volume after it was published. At least, this is how the matter will strike anyone who candidly examines the lengthy newspaper correspondence that has arisen on this momentous subject.

Messrs. Henley and Henderson are as little satisfied with Mr. Ewing's animadversion as Mr. Wallace is. They flatly contradict some of his statements, and dispute his assertions as to the mysterious Edinburgh "stinking" edition, which has so long been a puzzle to students of Burns. That question has not yet been settled, though the theory advanced by Mr. Barclay Murdoch in the *Burns Chronicle* for 1895 is a very reasonable conjecture. That gentleman suggests that after a certain number of the sheets of the First Edinburgh edition had been printed off, the demand for copies became so great that the types of these sheets had to be reset. Hence it has arisen that some copies of the Edinburgh edition have the word "skinking" in the last verse of the "Address to a Haggis," while others have the word misprinted "stinking." That was the common-sense conclusion that Mr. Barclay Murdoch arrived at, after carefully collating two copies of the First Edinburgh edition. After all, it is a point more interesting to Burns collectors than to students of the poet's works. As Messrs. Henley and Henderson stigmatise Mr. Wallace's volume as "his very inadequate edition of the Dunlop Correspondence," the dispute has developed into a triangular duel. Nevertheless, the genuine admirers of Burns will esteem Mr. Wallace's book as a very valuable contribution to Burnsiana.

Mr. Edwin Pugh's new novel, which has for hero a small deformed Cockney boy, will appear in Mr. Heinemann's autumn list. It is being illustrated by one of the Beggarstaff brothers.

Mr. E. Armitage-Smith, whose book on "The Free Trade Movement" appeared last month in the Victorian Era Series, is the principal of the Birkbeck Institution in Chancery Lane. He has for many years lectured on political economy in connection with the University Extension scheme.

Lord Ernest Hamilton's new novel is called "The Mawkin of the Flow." It is another strong and interesting Scotch story, and will be published shortly by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Cutliffe Hyne has written a story to which he gives the title "The Filibusters."

Mr. Frederick Breton's new story, "True Heart," will be found pleasantly reminiscent of Charles Reade and "The Cloister and the Hearth." The scene of much of it is laid in Southern Germany. It is an exceedingly picturesque and well-written romance, which must advance the reputation of the author considerably.

The very fanciful stories which Mr. Bernard Capes has written in *Blackwood's*, under the title "The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette," will be published in New York by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

This month will see the advent of two new literary papers. The first number of Mr. Oswald Crawford's new venture, the *London Review*, is due in a few days, and on the fifteenth of the month will appear the first number of the *Literary Gazette*, a monthly publication, which is described as a "journal devoted exclusively to reviews and notices of current publications in general." The price of this new review will be twopence.

Sir Walter Besant's papers on South London, now running in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, will probably be completed in time to enable Messrs. Chatto and Windus to publish them in book form during the autumn season. They will make a companion volume to Sir Walter's "London and Westminster."

Mr. W. Clark Russell has written a number of articles descriptive of ships and shipping from the earliest times to the present day. The series will be lavishly illustrated, and will appear at an early date in one of the illustrated magazines.

Sir Walter Besant's new novel, "The Changeling," will be published in book form here and in America in the autumn. In this country it will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and in America by Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes.

We note with interest the appearance of stories by Mr. W. A. Fraser in *McClure's Magazine* and in *Temple Bar* and other magazines in this country. Mr. Fraser, who in his capacity of Canadian Government official has to travel many hundreds of miles in the year through comparatively little known territories, has had a large and varied experience of out-of-the-way men and things. Mr. Rudyard Kipling "discovered" him, and is reported to have a very high opinion of much of his work. Messrs. Doubleday and McClure will publish a volume of Mr. Fraser's stories in the autumn. It will also be published simultaneously in this country. Mr. A. P. Watt is Mr. Fraser's literary agent.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel which is at present entitled "Anne Mauleverer." It will, as usual, be published serially prior to its publication in book-form.

Mr. Bret Harte has just completed the manuscript of a new poem which should have a special interest at the present time. It is entitled "Truthful James and the Klondiker."

The articles which Mrs. Praga has been contributing recently to the *Daily Telegraph* are to be published in book form at an early date by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, under the title "Dinners of the Day."

Messrs. F. V. White and Co. will publish Mr. W. Le Queux's "Scribes and Pharisees" early in June. We hear that many well-known figures in literary London are introduced with what are but thin disguises.

The lull in Sudan will doubtless enable Colonel Wingate to complete the revision and bringing up-to-date of his "Mahdiism and the Sudan," a work which was interrupted by the recent operations on the Atbara. Colonel Wingate is, of course, the head of the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian Army.

Mr. T. A. Browne has recently made a prolonged stay in New Zealand, and as a result is now busy completing a new novel dealing with the last Maori war.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has been spending a short time in Vienna on his way home from the East.

The play which Mr. James MacArthur and Mr. Tom Hall have founded on the "Bonnie Brier Bush" is being acted in America. At Washington the President and the Cabinet were among the audience. The stories of Kate Carnegie and Flora Campbell are adroitly woven together. The writer in the New York *Critic* describing the play says: "The play opens in front of Marget Howe's cottage, which everyone passes on his way through the Glen, and no one ignores. All of the characters are introduced, and the act closes with Lachlan Campbell's fury over Flora's love for Lord Hay. The interior of the Campbell cottage is the scene of the second act, which reveals Flora's sudden determination to follow her lover to London. It ends with Lachlan's discovery—in the midst of a most superfluous crowd—of her flight, and his pitiful but majestic denunciation of her. The third act begins with a scene in London, which is almost a replica of one in 'The Old Homestead.' The Drumtochty figures appear, one after another, in the most surprising and opportune manner. And the direful plots of the villain are thwarted before our delighted eyes. The next scene carries us back to Drumtochty, continues the insipid love-affair between Carmichael and Kate, and brings Flora home, half dead. It only remains, therefore, for the fourth act to show how gallantly Weelum Maclure brings her back to life, and to wind up everything else gracefully. Some of the situations of the books are changed about and fitted to new characters. The Doctor's drive through the swollen river with the London physician, and his heroic struggle against a fever are concentrated into Flora's experience; and Kate's birthday dinner is given in the open, and contains the end rather than the beginning of Carmichael's wooing. But much as the talk is diverted from the positions it holds in the books, it is all Maclaren. And here again the ingenuity and conscientiousness of the dramatists are conspicuous. It would have been so much easier to write good dialogue than to find it. It is Stoddart's play, and he alone of the company has caught the true atmosphere. His Lachlan Campbell is Scotch in essence as well as in speech. He lifts the rôle out of the conventional, he makes it human. Strength and exquisite tenderness are in his portrayal of the wounded old man; and he expresses them with a fine reserve, which is curiously out of keeping with this old-fashioned drama. The continual use of the soliloquy, the 'aside,' make one expect more melodramatic methods in the acting. But Mr. Stoddart is an artist and he has never shown it more clearly than now. The other members of the company were not born in Drumtochty."

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

MARCH 21ST TO APRIL 23RD, 1898.

Business during the time above specified, taken as a whole, has been very quiet. With the spells of fine spring weather, a falling off is generally felt, owing to the counter-attraction of outdoor pursuits. It is a great pity that the little business now left to the bookseller cannot be made more profitable; in default of this, many country establishments are ceasing to keep books in stock, and in some instances even to obtain them to order. Trade in the foreign and colonial departments continues steady and generally satisfactory. There has been considerable enquiry for works dealing with Cuba and the Cubans, but there does not appear to be any English publication to supply the demand. The other topic of the day, the Indian Frontier, has already quite a literature to itself, which is very popular.

Anthony Hope's "Simon Dale" is the novel of the moment, but this department of the trade suffers, in proportion, from the depression, although, relatively, still a good line.

There is still a considerable sale in the aggregate of the Waverley Novels, several new editions being well received, and the same may be said of the new six-shilling edition of Thackeray. Dickens is not quite so much in demand.

The school-book season is now over, and has not, for some reason or other, been quite such a good one as usual.

The decline in the sale of theological books, previously referred to, is still noticeable, the only religious works wanted being Gore's "Epistle to the Ephesians" and the class of books issued under the auspices of the members of the Keswick Convention.

Works on physical development and athletics generally are in great demand, and the same may be said of cycling maps and road books.

Slatin's "Fire and Sword in the Soudan" has again come to the fore, owing, no doubt, to the attention directed to affairs in that part of the world.

The three-and-sixpenny issue of Rosa Nouchette Carey's Novels has been very well received.

The list of books appended is remarkable for the predominance of novels, which form such an important item in modern bookselling, such as it is.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)
Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
The Scourge-Stick. By Mrs. C. Praed. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Minister of State. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Heinemann.)
American Wives and English Husbands. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)
The Peacemakers. By J. S. Winter. 6s. (White.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Miss Betty's Mistake. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s. (Skeffington.)
Thackeray's Vanity Fair. New 6s. edition. (Smith, Elder.)
The Frontier Campaign. By Fincastle and Lockhart. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Indian Frontier War. By L. James. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Paris. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Quo Vadis? By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)
Professions for Boys. By M. E. Pechell. 2s. 6d. (Beeton.)
Fire and Sword in the Soudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)
Rosa Nouchette Carey's Works. 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)
Private Life of Queen Victoria. By one of H.M. Servants. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
Miss Betty. By Bram Stoker. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

WEEKLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending	
Mar. 26, 1898	—There was a fair amount of business for the season in both home and foreign departments.
April 2, "	—Business much quieter this week. Colonial and foreign trade moderate.
" 9, "	—A fair week for the holiday season. Trade in foreign and colonial branches still moderate
April 16, 1898	—Same as last week, probably owing to holidays.
" 23, "	—The quietest week of the year so far. Let us hope it is *the* quietest. Colonial and foreign trade fairly good.

---

(2) SCOTLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 20TH, 1898.

Fiction again has held the field as regards popularity. But whilst many novels published during the month under review have had only a brief existence, the staying power of the historical tale, by a good author, has been well illustrated by Anthony Hope's "Simon Dale," which has continued to lead. No doubt the name of the author and the laudatory notices of the reviewers have helped to maintain for this work a steady demand.

Behind this book have followed closely Stanley Weyman's "Shrewsbury," Zola's "Paris," Benson's "Vintage," Boothby's "Lust of Hate," and "All They Went Through," by F. W. Robinson. A good selling book of thrilling interest has been "Fighting the Matabele," by Chalmers; and one of those volumes which booksellers delight to handle was a "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," by R. L. Stevenson, with its charming illustrations by A. S. Boyd.

Books of travel have not been wanting during the month, and the sale of "With Peary Near the Pole" has shown that interest in that region still continues. Lionel Decle's "Three Years in Savage Africa," though an expensive work, has also met with much attention. In this connection, the enormous success of the first number of the *Wide World* magazine calls for remark.

Outdoor recreations (specially cycling) have called for their special literature. Such works as "Cycle Touring," by A. W. Rumney, "The Contour Road Book," "Bates and his Bicycle," and a large demand for all kinds of tourist maps has shown that with the Easter holidays the travelling season has made a beginning.

In religious books, perhaps the four steadiest, in regard to sale, may be named as Dr. John Watson's "Companions of the Sorrowful Way," Dr. Anderson's "Silence of God," Dr. Hugh Macmillan's "Spring of the Day," and the Rev. Hugh Black's "Friendship."

Some interest and a good deal of newspaper controversy has been called forth in Scotland over the publication of the correspondence between Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, and owing to the French claims on Niger territories the life of "Mungo Park," in the Famous Scots Series, has received notice.

The demand for all the leading magazines has been specially good. The railway bookstalls during Eastertide did good business in the sixpenny monthlies, and as a spirited notice of the North British Railway appeared in the *Railway Magazine* it was in good demand by those interested in railways.

We would also report the success of Harry Furniss's new sixpenny monthly, "Fair Game," and that of Newnes' new penny weekly, the *Home Magazine*, both of which have started well.

The following may be taken as the leading books of the month:—

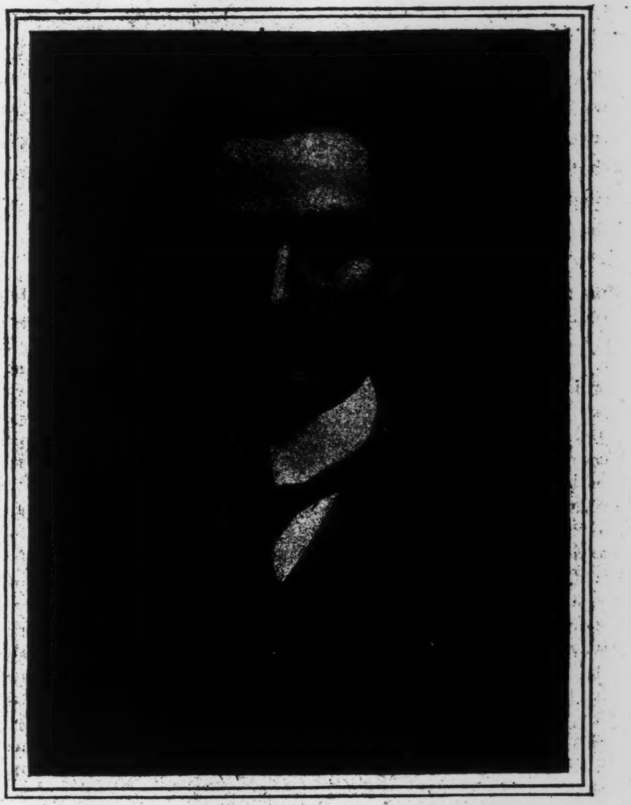
Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Shrewsbury. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)
Paris. By Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
A Lowden Sabbath Morn. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto.)

Fighting the Matabele. By J. Chalmers. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)
Friendship. By Rev. Hugh Black. 2s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Silence of God. By Dr. Anderson. 5s. (Hodder.)
Minister of State. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Gray. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)
The Vintage. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Methuen.)
All They Went Through. By F. W. Robinson. 6s. (Long.)
Storm-Rent Sky. By M. Betham-Edwards. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Was She Justified? By Frank Barrett. 6s. (Chatto.)

NEW WRITERS.

MR. W. P. RYAN.

MR. W. P. RYAN regards his literary career as only just beginning, though he has published a few things in the way of fugitive verse, fiction, and criticism which illustrate the latter-day intellectual movement amongst young Irishmen. He was born near Templemore, Co. Tipperary, in October, 1867. The district is one of the loneliest in Munster, but full of fairy and folk-lore traditions, while the people, like many in the south of Ireland, have an intense enthusiasm for imaginative tradition and a keener love for education than those of the farming and peasant classes are usually credited with possessing. Mr. Ryan was trained for the teaching profession, but in 1886 he turned to journalism as a step towards literature. After a brief journalistic experience in the south, finding little encouragement in Ireland, he came to London towards the close of 1886, took up secretarial and kindred work for the time, contributed verse and story to the Irish Press, and continued a course of studies, not since interrupted, in Celtic, English, and Continental literatures. He joined the Southwark Irish Literary Club, an organisation which did good work in a somewhat obscure way in the closing eighties, and was finally merged in the Irish Literary Society, one of whose founders was Mr. Ryan. About that time Mr. Ryan joined the London staff of the *National Press*, the anti-Parnellite organ, founded on the deposition of Mr. Parnell from the Irish leadership. He remained until the amalgamation of the *National Press* with the *Freeman's Journal* in 1892, and then assisted Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in his Irish literary schemes. The same year he became sub-editor of the *Catholic Times*. In 1893 he published a novel called "The Heart of Tipperary." It dealt with a rather unconsidered element in the Land League movement—the more literary young men who had dreams of an intellectual revolution somewhat on Young Ireland lines. Not recognising any such element, many English critics considered the book as a political pamphlet. Mr. Ryan subsequently published a little handbook dealing with the writers in "The Irish Literary Revival." It was merely intended as a temporary and quite unambitious guide-book, and was well received and highly appreciated. In 1894 Mr. Ryan became a sub-editor on the news staff of the *Sun* under Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and did all kinds of journalistic work, from the writing of rhymed versions of police-court cases to an adventure serial story on an emergency. He also wrote for the *Weekly Sun*, contributing most of its "Books and Bookmen" notes from July, 1896, to March, 1897, when the proprietary was changed. In 1896 also he became literary editor of the *Sun*, succeeding Mr. Arthur Waugh as reviewer. Mr. Ryan is justly proud of the fact that he was amongst the very first to recognise the promise and power of Mr. Stephen Phillips and the pensive sweetness of Mr. A. E. Housman. When Mr. O'Connor sold the *Sun*, Mr. Ryan remained as literary editor, but it was only last summer, on Mr. Kelway's accession to the editorship, that he really received what he considered a free hand in things literary. He is responsible for the *Sun's* front page, writes many of the reviews, and practically all the "Men and Things" notes. He published "Literary London" in March of this year—through various circumstances it was delayed from last November. The book deals with the younger writers, and was meant as introductory to more comprehensive and ambitious criticism. Mr. Ryan intended it rather for Comedy than for satire and he contends that parts of it, not entirely understood by certain critics, are justified in the light of some of Mr. Meredith's interpretations of the Comic Spirit.



From Photo by] MR. W. P. RYAN. [*Russell & Sons.*

Mr. Ryan is the author of an Irish novel which he called "Starlight through the Thatch," and which the publisher called "Starlight through the Roof." The book was issued under a pseudonym a few years ago, and was well received, though, the author believes, very little read. He has just completed a novel suggesting, amongst other things, the influence of literary London on the literary Celt whose early life has been steeped in Celtic tradition, and subjected to all the influences of an Irish country environment. He believes that there are intensely interesting funds of character, emotion, and spirituality in the Irish at home and abroad, still unworked in literature, and that the Irish literary problem is to give these artistic interpretation, either as regards their development at home or when subjected to more sophisticated foreign influences. He has also put a Celtic legendary love-story into dramatic form.

THE READER.

JAMES PAYN.

MANY tributes have been paid to the memory of James Payn, and in what follows we shall try to confine ourselves to matter unknown to or neglected by his previous biographers. James Payn was well born and had had good chances in the way of education, having been at Eton, at Woolwich, and at Cambridge. On the whole, however, he detested his school life, and although he enjoyed himself at Cambridge, it was not in the studies of the place. His bent for literature had shown itself early, and he had been accepted by Leigh Hunt and Charles Dickens. At Cambridge he was a friend of Thomas Chenery, afterwards editor of the *Times*, and received much kindness from W. G. Clark and George Brimley. His bent to literature was, however, irresistible, and was greatly encouraged by Miss Mitford. As no one else has done it we may put down some extracts from Miss Mitford's letters recording the progress of their friendship. It will be seen that at first she was not favourably impressed by the young poet. She writes under date, 1852, to Digby Starkey as follows:

"Then I have had a visit from a young Cambridge student, a poet of the newest school, who won't be a barrister, which his mother desires, but will be a poet and only a poet, nothing else. I knew his father well, a most brilliant man. . . . The youth is a handsome coxcomb, without the slightest enthusiasm, without, as it seems to me, the power of admiring anything or anybody; for those whom he does patronise—the Jerrolds, and Dickens, and Robert Browning—he patronises with a full sense of his condescension, while he very heartily disclaims all acquaintance with Pope or Dryden (observe that his own first essay is a volume called 'Stories from Boccaccio!') and rather boasts that although he has tried to read Scott's novels, he cannot get on with them. I think it would be no bad plan to introduce him to Sir Edwin and Mr. Lewis, and just see what they thought of each other. It might turn out a society for mutual improvement. However, they are painters, and great painters in their way, whilst what will become of this poor boy there is no telling. He minces his words like Landseer and sticks his glass in his eye. The only thing worth repeating that I ever heard from him is a good-natured *bon mot* of Jerrold's. They were talking of epitaphs at Charles Knight's, and asked the malicious little wit to furnish one for their host. 'It should be very short,' said Jerrold. 'Good-night.' Nothing can be happier than this."

A year after she writes to Mr. Bennoch in a way which shows how Payn was beginning to win her heart:

"*Sept.* 21, 1853.

"All day I have had company. First, dear——, with some of his own proofs. There is real talent, if he would but do himself justice by correcting and re-correcting. None of these young poets will do that. Then he has been spoilt. He had Woolwich and would not stay; so then he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, for the bar. Well, he fell in love and would not wait for that—he would go into orders; and now he won't go into orders; and a brother-in-law is desirous of helping him to live by literature, by purchasing some shares in a safe newspaper (I mean commercially safe) where he might work as a sub-editor or a large contributor. He would do this well, having written with high approbation in *Household Words*, and being a ready and lively prose writer. I trouble you with all this detail, because I am sure if you hear of such a thing offering you will let me know. His brother-in-law has a handsome income, and is willing to make a handsome purchase. He, the brother-in-law, is something like you in liberality. While in the army, before marriage, he set apart half his income to help brother officers on. A man of rare generosity—and this boy is charming—most charming—one reason why he has been spoilt—large in heart and mind, full of kindness and sweetness, making an atmosphere of love about him. The talent is real."

Later in the same letter she says:

"I must make James Payn known to you. He is truth itself."

The following reference in the same year is unmistakeable:—

MISS MITFORD TO MRS. JENNINGS, 1853.

"All that love-story in 'Esmond' is detestable, and which is still worse, the book seems to me long and tedious. A clever young man, writing to me about it from Trinity College, Cambridge, said, 'I took it with me into the Theological Hall, and listened to the Professor by preference.' I daresay he did."

Miss Mitford introduces Miss Martineau to James Payn, and Miss Martineau writes her impressions:—

"*Jan.* 25, 1853.

"I am obliged to you for introducing to me your agreeable young friend. I have seen him once here, and I am to see him next at his airy lodgings at Longbrigg. He made us promise to visit him one evening, and we hope to do so while the fine weather lasts. The 'we' means my youngest sister, Mrs. Higginson, and her children, who are with me at present. Mr. Payne (*sic*) will have us all, and he has the grandest thing in all the neighbourhood to show—in the view from the home-field. He is kind enough to send me his volume of poems to-day, and I must make more acquaintance with him in that way before we meet next. He has every appearance of being in good health, and I trust his critical period in that respect has passed."

Another famous personage to whom Miss Mitford introduced her young friend was Thomas De Quincey. Payn always loved to tell how De Quincey loved to help himself to laudanum out of a decanter, which seemed to contain port wine. Mrs. De Quincey wrote her impressions as follows:—

"*Sept.* 14, 1853.

"Mr. Payne, I am sorry to say, both from your account and papa's, and my youngest sister's for him, neither Florence nor I saw ——. I was very sorry, too, on another account, that we were not at home, viz., when Emily told us that papa was in very bad spirits when Mr. Payne called, and when he is so it requires our united efforts to rout him out of them; as it was, Emily said, 'He called in all my small remarks made to suggest things to him, or to cover the gaps like light sovereigns.' It was the first time she had ever had to do the honours of the house alone, and consequently she has great misgivings as to whether Mr. Payne will ever run the risk of falling upon the tender mercies of two such wreckers as papa and she again."

While Payn was at Cambridge he contributed to various periodicals, including the *Welcome Guest*, with which Robert Brough and George Augustus Sala were closely connected. It was in the *Welcome Guest* that Robert Brough's too little known tribute to Johnson—the finest poetical tribute, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that Johnson has ever received—was published.

Immediately after leaving Cambridge Payn made his happy marriage, and devoted himself to literature. The young couple had a small independence, and were able to wait. During the first year of his married life Payn earned £32 15s. He has told us that while in full activity he made an income averaging £1,500 a year, an income which he justly thought inadequate to his deserts and his labour. His first regular appointment was as assistant-editor to *Chambers' Journal*. He had already contributed much to the periodical, and his talent was appreciated by Leitch Ritchie, who was then in charge of it. From the

Lake country Payn proceeded to Edinburgh, and took up his work with much zest. This was in the early fifties. His connection with *Chambers' Journal* lasted during the most important years of his life, and his best monument will be found in its volumes. When he became the editor the magazine, as Dr. A. K. H. Boyd says, was read in Scotland by everybody who read anything at all. He adds, "Certainly it did not fall off under Mr. Payn." This is true so far as regards its literary quality, and in fact much more might be said, for Payn put his very best work into it, and what that was every intelligent reader knows. But in the end of the day he did not improve the circulation. There was, it is true, a great rise on the appearance of "Lost Sir Massingberd," but this was followed by a severe falling off. Mr. Payn, who was limited to the columns of *Chambers'*, wrote too much himself. There are weekly numbers which might be mentioned in which he was responsible for the fiction, and also for other two or three contributions. He gathered round him such capable writers as Dutton Cook, Walter Thornbury, G. M. Fenn, T. Speight, J. B. Harwood, John Hollingshead, Arthur Locker, Robert Black, Rev. Harry Jones, W. Moy Thomas, Amelia B. Edwards, and many others, but he was always the chief writer himself. *Chambers' Journal* ceased to be known as the *Edinburgh Journal* after 1854, and the change extended further than the name. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous remark to William Chambers during her Edinburgh visit, "You publish a magazine yourself, don't you?" must have been anything but welcome. Nevertheless, the style of the magazine had essentially changed. It had ceased to be quite so matter of fact. In 1837, out of 457 articles, there were eighty familiar sketches and essays, all of them original, and most of them the work of Robert Chambers; there were 300 miscellaneous articles of instruction and entertainment, 140 of which were original; 61 short stories and tales, 40 of which were original; and a regular feature at that time was biography, of which there were sixteen examples. Under Payn the *Journal* was much lighter, contained far less information, and far more wit. When he ceased to be editor the promoters brought it round again to the original idea, and the circulation rose immediately by leaps and bounds. It fell to James Payn to write notices of many important books as they were published. Of "Gareth and Lynette" he said that it was a pity the Laureate had been witched by Merlin, and poured his genius out so lavishly on such a worn-out theme as Arthur and his Knights. He was happier when he got Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," a book which delighted him. When Forster's Life of Dickens appeared he wrote several highly sympathetic and interesting notices. How miscellaneous his contributions were may be seen from the volume for 1858, where he wrote among other articles, "A Tremendous Ascent," "Elegant Extracts," "My Country House and its Tenants," "Watching the Clock," "Music," a poem (later one on "Shakespeare's Cliff"), "Popular Paradoxes," "Proceedings in Breakneckshire," "Mr. B.'s Alarms," "Voice from Baker Street," "The Old Baby," "Sporting World," "Crag Fast," "Dropping an Acquaintance," "Channel Bridge," "Ingleburgh Within." In the number for January 28th, 1860, he is responsible for an instalment of his new story, "The Bateman Household," as well as for articles, "Writing on the Wall," "Morocco," and "Farm on the Mountains." In February 4th we trace two additions to the fiction, and February 25th three articles. By 1861 his "Family Scapegrace" was running, but it was not until "Lost Sir Massingberd" that he became familiar to the public as a novelist, though Mr. Marston told us the other day that Payn did not acknowledge the authorship when dealing with his firm, S. Low and Co., for its publication, and that the results were a disappointment to both author and publisher. A contribution, "A Night in a Thames Tunnel" from Richard Rowe, led to Payn's securing him a situation in the *Scotsman*, which, however, he held only for a brief period. "Meliboeus in London" was running in 1861, and was a forecast of the later "Across the Walnuts and the Wine." These were continued many a day at more length in the second page of the *Illustrated London News*. Among other thoroughly characteristic papers were his articles in 1866, "To Persons about to Become Famous," and "Maxims by a Man of the World," which were afterwards reprinted. He supplied the ingenious framework for various extra Christmas numbers (1864-68), but it is interesting to notice that Leslie Stephen, whom he succeeded as editor of the *Cornhill*, helped him in the production of "Up and Down Mont Blanc" as early as 1866.

From Photo by] MR. JAMES PAYN. [*Walery.*

The long and honourable connection between him and the Chambers was unfortunately severed by his dismissal. For this he blamed William Chambers, but as a matter of fact the magazine was in danger of its life, and when William Chambers took it in hand the old prosperity returned. The two men were constitutionally incapable of understanding each other, and it is to be regretted that in his novel, "For Cash Only," and elsewhere, Payn did Chambers less than justice. It would be unkind to revive the memory of "For Cash Only," but one humorous touch is that in which he makes Chambers ultimately come to financial ruin, and compelled to earn his livelihood by exhibiting his own museum. Nobody that knows anything at all of Payn's works can subscribe to the idea that he was a merely bland and genial humorist. He was one of the kindest and most generous of men, but nobody can read "For Cash Only," not to mention other of his books, without seeing that there was in him a vein of bitterness. He was peculiarly sensitive to adverse criticism, and, as he said himself, made a point of giving as much as he got in cases where he thought he had been treated unjustly. Unfortunately, and to his great grief, he did not always strike the guilty man.

After leaving *Chambers'*, Mr. Payn became reader to Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., and editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. In both capacities, as always, he was distinguished by the care he took in reading manuscripts, and the warm and cordial encouragement which he gave to authors whenever he could. There was not a touch of jealousy about his nature. He had his limitations. For one thing he never was interested in religion, nor could he understand how anyone else could be, and among the books he declined were "John Inglesant" and "Robert Elsmere." Within his own sphere, however, and it was a wide one, he was an excellent critic. Perhaps the most notable author he introduced to the press during his editorship of *Chambers' Journal* was Thomas Hardy. But his connections with young authors were innumerable, and that somewhat exacting tribe has never had a kinder friend since Charles Dickens. He went on to the last diligently writing novels. They are curious combinations of wit and sensationalism, and they had a large popularity, though their day is perhaps past. His literary power is more favourably seen in his essays, several collections of which have been published. Mr. Payn began as a poet, and the following, which is perhaps one of his latest, is a fair specimen of his style.

"MUSIC.

"'Tis true no verse of mine can tell,
Fair lady, what the gentle breath
Within the flute, that rose and fell
And died in the far distance, saith:
The speechless echoes linger still:
Their meaning is not of the earth.
Thou know'st no less love's accents thrill,
Although the words be nothing worth:
The perfect sense we cannot tell,
And thence the glory grows the more.
The organ-billows, as they swell,
Roll far and farther from the shore,
Until from verge to verge they sweep,
And thought, its wearied wings drooped down,
Slow sinking in the charmèd deep,
'Mid the sweet thunder loves to drown.
The harp-voice best we understand;
Its grief is shaped by her who flings
Athwart its face the gentle hand,
And hides, in ruth, the sobbing strings,
The brazen trumpet's war-note shrill
Would ever team with stir and life,
Although the earth had lost its ill,
And there was end to foemen's strife;
And though the cymbals ceased to beat
Amid the ranks of bristling steel,
They'd aye recall the thousand feet
In motion at the single will.
But what of war, the while we hear
These Christmas bells o'er hill and plain,
And all our memories drawing near,
Entrance us with a pleasant pain,
And fill our hearts with love and peace,
And lead us like an angel hand
Whereto the wondrous harmonies
Sweep alway through the Better Land."

He was an excellent judge of poetry, and during his editorship of *Chambers' Journal* he maintained a standard of verse of such sustained excellence that it may safely be said no other periodical has ever rivalled it.

A ROW OF BOOKSELLERS.

A Sketch.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

A NARROW asphalted street in bottle shape, used by old-fashioned folk with a prejudice against being splashed by the Strand; patronised specially by those who feed on books. Plenty of food here for a hungry man; tables groaning with it and sideboards full of it, and plenty more in the larders at the back; opulent Jewish hostesses seated on chairs keep what looks like a sleepy and a tolerant eye on the generous display, but what is really an alert and a wakeful eye; whilst permitting you to taste what you like here, they will on no account allow you to take any home without due formality of purchase. The neck end of the street is so narrow that attendants at one shop can talk to colleagues on the other side in a confidential whisper over the heads of intervening passers-by, and the quiet hush is seldom disturbed. At the open fronts of the shops and inside the shops, men and sometimes strange old-young ladies browse about the crowded shelves of books and, like the Tenebrio beetle, are seldom seen with a companion.

Purchase of books entitles the customer to a few minutes conversation with the proprietress or her lads, but this is not invited; I am not sure that mere patronage of the threepenny box entitles one to more than a respectful prophecy in regard to the weather. Untidy old gentlemen, who have long ago made friends with misfortune and have never been able to break off the acquaintance, attempt sometimes to review the past, but they receive spare encouragement.

"Ah, ah! A Thackeray I see. Bless my soul, what a man he was. *What* a man! You don't remember Thack, I s'pose?"

The eighteen-year-old youth confesses that he has no clear recollection of Thackeray, and taking a bald broom endeavours to sweep the reminiscent gentleman and the dust out into the roadway.

"We always called him Thack in the old days. I remember him, bless you; I've spoken to him just as I am speaking now to you."

The sweeping youth expresses a casual hope that the gent in question enjoyed it.

"A most friendly man, sir, an extraordinarily friendly man, I may say, with those in whom he found a common sympathy. I've known that man, sir, cross St. James's

Street—absolutely cross it simply because he saw me. He being *here* as it might be these book shelves, and I being *here* as it might be this box, he'd cross over at once; his hand held out ready."

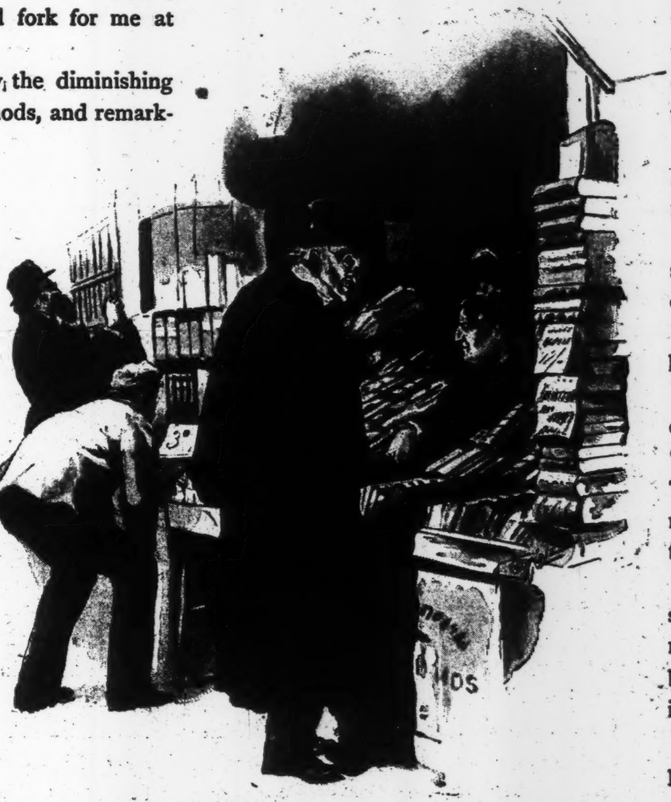
Youth, still sweeping, submits as a question: Did he hit hard?

"Hit, sir? The great man *shook* hands with me. *Shook* hands. There in broad daylight Thackeray, the great novelist, shook hands with me. In broad daylight, sir."

The youth says casually and, having swept all that he can, going to the open front of the shop, that if it had been him he should have waited till dusk.

"And Dickens too." The dusty old bore follows the youth. "Dickens and I knew each other and esteemed each other and respected each other. Yes, sir, there was always a knife and fork for me at Dickens's house, sir."

The youth, now reading by the diminishing light the *Halfpenny Scorcher*, nods, and remarking that his taste lies more in favour of a plate with something on it, allows the old gentleman to chatter on. Finding presently the true inwardness of a joke on the front page of the *Scorcher*, he tells it across the way to a youth in the shop opposite, and the youth opposite declares that it is a mystery to him where all the jokes come from. A man arriving with a parcel of books, the conversation is interrupted and on the call of "Shawp!" an adult person comes forward to inspect, preparing on his way a depreciating look. The parcel opened and the books inspected, the adult person sighs regretfully and half preparing to re-tie the parcel asks casually how much the vendor is going to have the cheek to ask for this rubbish. The vendor says firmly one pound five and not a penny less; upon which the adult person gives a scornful laugh and says that if he were to give seven-and-six for the lot he should reckon he was getting into his second childhood. The vendor goes to try another shop near, but finding that this is under identical proprietorship, returns, and when ten minutes later the sum of eight shillings and threepence is passed between the two parties to the transaction, the adult person in paying the last copper shakes his head dolefully and declares that everybody gets the best of him, and he can only suppose the word has been passed around that he is a good-natured fool.



"PATRONISED SPECIALLY BY THOSE WHO FEED ON BOOKS."

Further on in the Row there is more of a serious and an educational atmosphere around establishments. These are divided from the others by queer old shops which eke out an existence by a mysterious air of being desperate, rheumatic blades of shops, and showing for sale dusty volumes of forgotten novels with nothing to recommend them but ambiguous titles. (If only they knew how we have progressed!) To the educational shops come thoughtful young men and spectacled young women hunting for bargains in scientific works, and they keep up the silent and dogged chase for hours. A concession to lighter tastes is made in penny volumes called, "A Diverting Way to Pick up Sanscrit," and such like titles, and in the twopenny box here are, amongst others, the books which buoyant young students have purchased on commencing their task, and having bought them, have considered their part in the undertaking as complete and at an end, arguing presumably that they have done all that can be expected of them and that the rest may well be left to Providence. To these establishments come, too, those who being at one end of the education ladder are desirous of jumping to the top rung in one leap.

"'Scuse me, guv'nor. Anything in by a party name of Plito?"

"Just sold the last one, sir." (Glibly and automatically.)

"Ho! Good writer, ain't he?"

"In his particular style," declares the attendant, "Plato can't be beaten. Take a look round; you may be able to find something similar."

"Bit steep though his stuff is, isn't it? What I mean to say is, it'd take a bit of readin', wouldn't it?"

"You'd be amply repaid," remarks the attendant sagely. "There's more in these old writers than you'd think. Your moderns are nothing to 'em."

Nevertheless when the patron, whose heart's first vague desire was Plato, leaves the shop, it is with no classic for companion but a coverless railway novel called "A Winsome Wilful Girlie" from the twopenny box.

At nine o'clock the Row prepares for rest. Then it is that the spirits of the attendants improve; then it is that the stout Jewish ladies map out with great relish a plan of action in regard to supper. The mountains of books that have loomed near to the pavements dissolve; small boys come staggering under the weight of long black shutters; the second-hand music shop at the centre turns out its flaring gas lights and takes in songs by the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Mr. Bunn, and ballads sung in the days that are old and forgotten by Madame Grisi. The lads shout inquiries to other lads demanding to know whether they are going home by 'bus all the way or by tram from Gray's Inn Road; a distracted orange, that has dropped in a thoughtless moment from the fruiterer's stand hard by, is hurled to and fro across the narrow road in a game of catch a dozen times before a small brigand with an appetite loots it and flies off madly with his prize, Drury Lane way. When the shops are shuttered there are still round white eyes showing as though to destroy the impression that because they have retired to rest they are necessarily asleep. Into the gutter, a dilapidated coverless book falls from nowhere and sprawls foolishly. The title-page, half torn, bears the words, "A Prayer for Every——." On the next page (turned over with one's walking-stick) is written, in violet ink, "To my dear, dear son. On his seventeenth birthday." Taking it up, one tries to guess when it ceased to do good; when it——

"Nah then, Mister clever," shouts a Clare market infant indignantly. "Cawnt you leave our football alone, or won't ye?"

The poor old volume is useful at last. A fine kick-off sends it into goal, and a dozen children are happy.

NOVELISTS AS DRAMATISTS.

III.—Mr. F. C. Philips.

By EDWARD MORTON.

Mr. Philips, who is the son of a clergyman, has seen life as an officer in the army, and as a barrister; as journalist, novelist, and dramatist; and his experiences as a theatrical manager, and, upon occasion, as an actor, have been useful to him, no doubt, as a writer for the stage. Much of his work—and that not the best part of it, as readers and playgoers alike will remember—has been done with a collaborator. In his earliest contribution to the stage, a version of his first novel, "As in a Looking Glass," he was associated in authorship with Mr. F. C. Grove—with the exception of Mr. C. H. Brookfield and Mr. Sydney Grundy, the only one of his many partners who seems to have brought capital equal to Mr. Philips's own into the business.

To Mr. Philips belongs the honour of paying back something of the heavy obligations of our stage to the French, for an adaptation of "As in a Looking Glass" was produced in Paris, at the Théâtre des Varietés, in the Exhibition year of 1889, and Mr. Philips, alone among English dramatists, may claim the distinction of having provided the greatest actress of her generation with a part. Madame Sarah Bernhardt appeared later in the character of Lena Despard in London, and well do I remember the occasion of her first performance at the Lyceum. It was one of her bad nights, and Madame Bernhardt simply "walked through" her scenes with the austere Algy Balfour—whose name, by the way, had been changed in the French version, at a whim of the actress, because its second syllable, "four," is the French term for "failure." But she asserted herself triumphantly in the closing moments of the play, when, instead of dying, in the manner of the English actress who gave an acrobatic performance intended to illustrate the effects of irritant poison, Madame Bernhardt found a peaceful end by a narcotic—drooping, fading, dying like a flower. It is thus that an actress of genius, by a touch of her own originality, may perfect the conception of an author.

The archetypal character of Lena Despard—a character as clearly defined and as fully realised as that of the greatest adventuress in fiction, and yet as different as possible temperamentally from Becky Sharp—appears again and again in Mr. Philips's novels and plays. We find her, under the name of Ethel Fortescue, in "The Dean and his Daughter," of which the dramatic version, called "The Dean's Daughter,"* is just as entertaining in print as it was in representation on the stage, and even more so. For Mr. Philips's wit is of a quality which is sometimes too fine for the ordinary use of the theatre. The wit, the irony—most dangerous of all weapons for a dramatist—of such polished comedy as "A Woman's Reason" will count for nothing with ninety-nine people out of a hundred in a theatre. Mr. Brookfield, who is part author of "A Woman's Reason," is a man after Mr. Philips's own heart—his mind, I should say. Taking the work they have done together, comedy or farce, and the plays they have produced apart, it is difficult to decide who is the more unemotional of the two, or the wittier. In "A Woman's Reason"—the story of a preternaturally good Jew, who marries into a family of impecunious aristocrats, and is shamefully ill-used by his wife—and again in "The Dean's Daughter"—the story of an unhappy young woman who marries a rich old diplomatist to please her scheming, hypocritical father—there is the subject of a moving drama; only the authors make the mistake—utterly inexcusable on the stage - of insisting more upon the bad in nature than the good. The observation of life and character in Mr. Philips's comedies is undeniable, but there is no reason why he should look persistently to the "shady" side. Even in his mirthful plays there is an inclination to the disreputable which is not always due to their French origin.

The philosophy of the drama according to Mr. Philips is pithily put in an epigram by Mrs. Fortescue in "The Dean's Daughter," when Miriam (who has not chosen her friend judiciously) is shocked by Mrs. Fortescue's effrontery. "How can you talk in that way!" says Miriam; "I am married and there is an end of it." To which the charming Mrs. Fortescue replies, "In Devonshire; but in London, marriage is only the beginning of it." In "Margaret Byng," adapted from the novel of the same title, there was no social problem to be solved, and the work had not the logical force and the brilliancy of argument which one finds in the plays already named. Margaret Byng is the heroine of a showy romance of crime, and her death at the end of the play is not a more inevitable conclusion than the happy-ever-after ending, which has gone out of vogue. Fashion, in all things, passes from one extreme to the other, and dramatists will come back to happy ending again when the public have tired of the dismal convention.

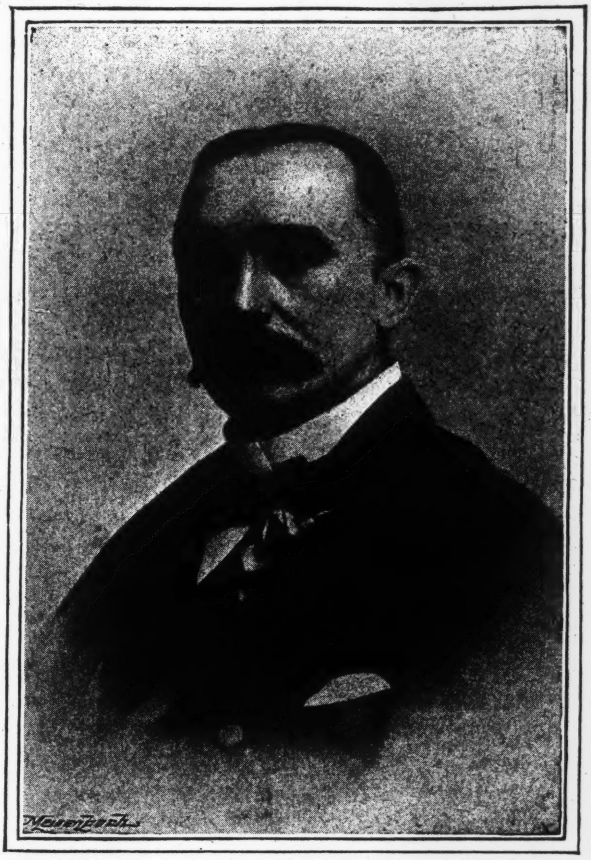
In his latest work for the stage, "John Chetwynd's Wife," which has yet to be seen in London, Mr. Philips has dispensed with a collaborator; and his sense of dramatic contrast, which is so marked even in the telling effects of his short tales, is shown in the story of the surgeon, who marries a music-hall singer, who leaves him in the lurch, and comes back into his life suffering from a complaint of the lungs, when he is famous and is on the point of marrying again. But she dies, as Schlegel says, of the last act. Such complaints are always fatal on the stage. It is but just to add that in the present instance there is no straining after effect. Mr. Philips is true, uncompromisingly true, to life. That is at once his strength and his weakness as a dramatist

---

* Trischler, 1891.

Of his lighter pieces, "Godpapa," the most successful, was so skilful an adaptation from the French that the Englishman abroad who reads it* might be puzzled to decide whether "Mariage Riche" was taken from the English or "Godpapa" from the French. "Husbands and Wives," the best of Mr. Philips's farces after "Godpapa," was a diverting, ephemeral piece, which has lost something of its point now the New Woman has become an old woman. The war of the sexes, carried on in the clubs of the Dandelions and the Tiger-lilies, belongs to the humours of a day that is gone.

Some trifles, by no means unconsidered, are included among Mr. Philips's contributions to the theatre. "The Burglar and the Judge," a piece in one act, written with Mr. Brookfield, very cleverly conveys to the stage the joke of the lesson in natural jurisprudence which may be found in the volume of "Social Vicissitudes." The chance meeting of the judge and the burglar, whose relative positions are for once reversed when the good-humoured scoundrel has the judge in his power, is not less effective for the purpose of the stage than the little play, "Fortune of War," founded on the story of the same name. "Papa's Wife," in which Mr. Philips appears for the first time as a writer of lines for music, passed to the stage from the pages of a magazine. As part author of "A Free Pardon," intended for the Adelphi Theatre, Mr. Philips may also claim a success in melodrama; but there is no more than that to be said of a work written presumably for the purpose of boiling the pot.



From Photo by] MR. F. C. PHILIPS. [Elliott & Fry.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *SUN*.

The *Sun* is the youngest of the London evening papers. It was launched by Mr. T. P. O'Connor on June 27th, 1893, the very first day after the expiration of his contract with the purchasers of the *Star* not to conduct another evening journal for three years. In January, last year, the *Sun* was taken over by the London and County Newspaper Syndicate, Mr. E. T. Hooley being chief shareholder. Mr. H. C. Richards, F.S.A., M.P. (East Finsbury), is Chairman of the Board of Directors, which includes Baron Churchill of Wychwood, "Prince of the Holy Roman Empire." Although his name does not appear either as director or shareholder, Mr. Harry Marks, M.P., of the *Financial News*, is understood to exercise some measure of control over the paper. For six months after Mr. O'Connor's retirement the *Sun* was edited by Mr. Robert Chamberlain, formerly of the *Manchester Courier*, now in Johannesburg. He was succeeded in June, last year, by Mr. Albert Clifton Kelway. Born at Milford Haven in 1865, and educated at Flushing and Probus, Cornwall, Mr. Kelway was assistant-editor of *Church in the West* 1889-90, and sub-editor of the *Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth) 1890-97. He has written a great deal for the *Church Times*, *Church Review*, *Illustrated Church News*, etc., and still contributes to them. For the *Sun* he writes little, his duties being largely managerial. The assistant-editor is Mr. Sidney S. Lamert, an Edinburgh man, aged about thirty, who came in with the new management. He was three years on the staff of the *Scottish Leader* and two years on the *Standard*; then he did a spell of translating mediæval Latin, before joining the *Sun*. Last year he went out as the *Sun's* Special Commissioner to Rhodesia for the opening of the railway. One of the editorial writers is Mr. Oswald Barron, the story-writer who collaborates with "E. Nesbit" (Mrs. Hubert Bland). An important member of the staff is Mr. Arthur Brasher, who writes day by day the column headed "The Passing Hour," and does a great deal of special descriptive work. He is well known in the North; when the *Yorkshire Post* started the *Yorkshire Evening Post* he contributed "Yorkshire Echoes," and was on the editorial staff five or six years. He came to London to join the *Pall Mall Gazette* (1896), and changed to the *Sun* a year ago. The literary editor is Mr. W. P. Ryan, who has just published "Literary London," and because of certain passages in it is threatened by Miss Marie Corelli with a libel action. He is responsible for the *Sun's* front page, writes "Men and Things," and looks after the reviewing. Among recent contributors are Grant Allen, Barry Pain, L. Zangwill, Helen Mathers, Walter Sickert, Edgar Jepson, and (story-writers) L. E. Tiddeman, Edgar Turner, Herbert Cadett, and Ethel Wheeler. The *Sun* gives every day a prize of a guinea for an original story, and is well satisfied with the experiment. The City editor is Mr. Hugh Horniman, who was appointed by Mr. O'Connor, and enjoys the confidence of the new proprietary. He contributes financial articles to the *Saturday Review*, and is to be City editor of the *London Review*, Mr. Oswald Crawfurd's new venture. The dramatic critic is Mr. H. G. Hibbert, who signs. Until recently the regular musical critic was Mr. J. M. Glover, of Drury Lane Theatre; he is now an occasional contributor. "The Scorcher," the special sporting contributor, is Mr. T. Macarthy, formerly "Mornington" in the *Morning*; his two assistants, in the office, are Mr. John C. Boys and Mr. William Wabey. The Parliamentary sketch is, temporarily, being written by Mr. Richards, Chairman of the Directors. The *Sun's* chief sub-editor is Mr. Robert Bell, formerly of the *Daily Courier* and *Pick-Me-Up*; other sub-editors are Mr. R. G. Bright, brother of Mr. Addison Bright, the *Daily Mail's* dramatic critic, and Mr. J. Hawkesford, formerly of the *Globe* and the *People*. Mr. William Hall, secretary of the Company, has charge of the commercial side of the paper. The first edition of the *Sun* usually appears about 10.30, sometimes earlier; at the time of the Australian cricket matches it was on sale at 8.10. Other regular editions are—11.50, "fourth"; 1.40, "Special"; 2.40, "Extra Special"; 4.40, "Second Extra Special"; 6, "Late edition." The Saturday *Football Sun* is practically a distinct paper, consisting of eight pages rather larger than the *St. James's Gazette*. The editor is Mr. J. H. Grimmett. New premises are now being built for the *Sun* in Temple Avenue, Thames Embankment.

---

* "A Doctor in Difficulties." Tauchnitz: Leipsig, 1892. No English edition of the play has been published.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Sidney Low, whose letters to the *St. James's Gazette* are attracting a good deal of attention, has delayed his return from America in view of the exciting incidents attendant on the war. He was at Winnipeg about the middle of April.

A number of well-known London journalists have left for America and Cuba. With Cuba in a state of blockade it is safe to assume that none of them will reach the island *via* Key West. For a long time the details of any fighting on sea or land will come through American sources. Spain does not like "specials," and the correspondent who succeeds in reaching Cuba will be lucky. Most of the London and many of the provincial newspapers have made arrangements to be specially represented. Reuter has made complete arrangements, and the Central News will not be much behind.

Mr. J. W. Wiles, late of the *Cambridge Chronicle* staff, has joined the reporting staff of the *Gloucestershire Echo and Cheltenham Chronicle.*

Mr. T. F. Campbell, son of the Rev. John Campbell, of Gunthorpe, near Nottingham, and formerly of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*, has been appointed district sub-editor of the *Yorkshire Herald.*

Mr. F. Mostyn Williams, of the reporting staff of the *Liverpool Mercury*, has taken up a position on the staff of the *Belfast News Letter.*

The *Northampton Daily Reporter* announces the purchase and incorporation with the *Reporter* of the *Kettering Evening News.*

The *Northampton Mercury* has intimated to its readers the pending removal of its printing and publishing offices from No. 11 to No. 9, The Parade, Northampton. The *Northampton Mercury* has been printed on the present premises since its first issue as long ago as May 2nd, 1720. Mr. W. H. Holloway, of its reporting staff, has been appointed one of the sub-editors of the *Northampton Mercury.*

Mr. H. E. Call, of Warwick, is leaving the reporting staff of the *Warwick Advertiser* to join that of the *Leeds Evening News.*

Mr. Meredith T. Whittaker, of Scarborough and Hull, is to be the managing director of the Bradford and District Newspaper Company, Ltd., which has been formed to take over the *Bradford Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. F. E. Sach, who was formerly chief reporter on the *Western Morning News*, has relinquished the editorship of the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, Truro, in order to devote himself to the development of his business in Plymouth. He is the proprietor of the *Church in the West*, which he publishes at Plymouth. Mr. F. T. Dowsing, who has been for many years sub-editor of the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, has been appointed to the editorship.

Devon and Cornwall district of the Institute of Journalists has elected Mr. F. E. Sach, of Plymouth, as chairman. Mr. E. Potter, who has undertaken the secretarial work for the last six years, has resigned, and his position taken by Mr. E. A. Head, of Penzance, who has held a similar position in connection with the Cornwall sub-district for several years.

Mr. A. Tattersall is leaving the sub-editorial department of the *Sentinel* (Hanley) for an appointment of assistant sub-editor on the *Leeds Mercury.*

At the last meeting of the Hanley Town Council, a vote of condolence was passed to Mr. J. Ingamells, the Hanley representative of the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, who has been incapacitated from work for several months by the effects of a former injury which has involved the amputation of the limb. Mr. Ingamells, who has made satisfactory progress, is at Bournemouth recruiting his health.

Mr. Percy Le Good, son of the manager of the *Norfolk News*, has accepted the position of branch manager of the *Western Daily Mercury* at Torquay. For some time past he has been associated with the *Western Gazette* at Yeovil.

SCOTLAND.

In view of the construction of the new North Bridge, Edinburgh, it was necessary for the Town Council to acquire a considerable amount of property in the neighbourhood. Part of this has now been exposed to public roup, and the proprietors of the *Scotsman* have acquired the whole of the area on the west side of North Bridge Street for a price of £120,000. They intend to erect at the north end of the street a handsome pile of buildings to meet the growing demands in connection with the different papers published by them. The position is absolutely unique for a newspaper office, overlooking the Waverley Station, and within only a few yards of the General Post Office. The purchasers have the right to erect a subway across Market Street, which will bring them into the Waverley Station, which will be specially suitable in connection with the dispatch of the papers. The proprietors are determined to make the office second to none at home or abroad.

The *Leith Herald*, which was formerly owned by Messrs. Steven and Hope, is now the sole property of Mr. Hope. Mr. Steven still owns the *Berwick Journal* and the *Berwickshire News.* The latter especially is becoming a most popular country local.

Mr. W. Freeland, emeritus-editor of the *Glasgow Evening Times*, has been elected Chairman of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Branch of the Institute of Journalists for the coming year. Mr. Freeland is included in the galaxy of Clydeside poets.

Mr. Neil Munro, author of "The Lost Pibroch" and "John Splendid," visited the distressed districts of Ireland last month (April) as special commissioner for the *Glasgow Evening News*, and a series of vivid descriptive sketches on "Hungry Ireland" appeared in that newspaper from his pen.

Much regret has been felt among Aberdeen journalists and his colleagues in the north at the death of Mr. William Ogston, who for many years represented the *Aberdeen Daily Free Press*, and latterly the *Aberdeen Journal* at Peterhead. During his twenty years' residence in the Buchan district of Aberdeenshire, Mr. Ogston gained a wide acquaintance with prominent agriculturists and others, and was universally esteemed. He was forty-six years of age.

Mr. W. J. McKenzie has transferred his services from the *Aberdeen Journal* to the staff of the *Scottish Trader* in Glasgow.

WALES.

Mr. Robert Bridcut, formerly Registration Agent to the Cardiff Conservative Association, has been appointed editor to the *Evening Express*, an offshoot of the *Western Mail.*

Mr. A. E. V. Berkeley, of the *Wrexham Advertiser*, has been appointed private secretary to Lord Kenyon.

Mr. Owen Williams, sub-editor of the *Carnarvon Herald* and *Herald Cymraeg*, died suddenly at Carnarvon last month. Deceased was a well-known Welsh journalist and Welsh story-writer.

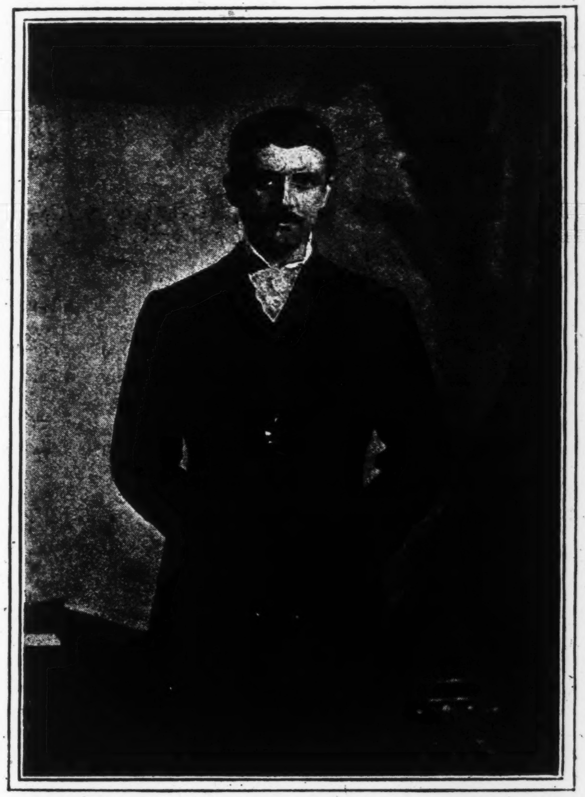
NEW BOOKS.

MR. WYNDHAM ON SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.*

Since we first foregathered with Mr. George Wyndham in his quality of critic as the editor of North's Plutarch in Mr. Henley's sumptuous Tudor Translations, we have more than once turned a wistful eye upon the book-lists, desiring "another of the same," as the Scotch psalms in metre have it, another occasion for Mr. Wyndham's lucid and delicate gift and method. That has come to him in his edition of Shakespeare's poems, which, after a few false starts, is at length before us. To the making of these editions there is no end. There was scarcely an excuse for adding to their number, save by beating his rivals, yet this, as we think, Mr. Wyndham has done. It is scarcely conceivable that we shall ever have the Sonnets, and Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece in a volume, at once lighter to hold and more beautiful to look upon, and Mr. Wyndham's preface and notes appear to us to approximate to perfection. The only people who have a case against Mr. Wyndham are—paradoxically—his reviewers. They are given "no show." There is nothing in his part of the book to gird at beyond a bare suspicion of "strain," an occasional reminiscence as of another and a well-known and characteristic hand in collaboration. "In truth 't was a dare-devil age of large morals and high spirits." It gives one pause when Mr. Wyndham thus dismisses the seduction of Mary Fitton by Herbert, "who utterly renounceth all marriage." It was unnecessary to improve the occasion by moralising; but neither the hardness nor the ring of the phrase is Mr. Wyndham's, who by no means requires to pick up the scraps which fall from other men's tables. Indeed, an almost uncanny felicity of phrase is his great good fortune. He has an easy grace of manner for everyday use, a stately note when the occasion needs it, and probably he writes best, unconsciously, when he does not try to write too well. The picture would have been better if the painter had taken less pains. But Mr. Wyndham's matter stumps the *Advocatus Diaboli.* This critic is neither to be arraigned for ignoring the personal aspect of the Sonnets, not for over-rating that tiresome and uncomfortable equation, which, for our own part, we would thankfully relegate to some literary page (if there is one) in the "society" papers. We had sooner that "W. H." had been Southampton than Pembroke. We think it a shade likelier that he was in fact Pembroke, but we do not care. Mr. Wyndham arranges the materials from which any man, who cares, may choose his W. H. We are "mugwumps" in the matter, and refrain from voting. It concerns us more closely that Mr. Wyndham has spun out of the stuff of his authorities a piece of exquisitely coloured tapestry. It shakes its folds, and the fire-light falls in their turn upon one and another gay and sinister figure of the forgotten or the dimly remembered. Now it is Mary Fitton, the dark lady, of tragic fortune. "There is a memorable mask of 8 ladies; they have a straunge daunce newly invented; their attire is this: each hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a mantell of Carnacion Tafete cast under the Arme, and their Haire loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. These are the maskers—my Lady Doritye, Mrs. Fitton, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Onslow, Mrs. Southwell, Mrs. Bes Russell, Mrs. Darcy, and my Lady Blanche Somersett. These 8 daunce to the musig Apollo bringes, and there is a fine speech that makes mention of the 9th much to her Honor and Praise. Delicate it was to see 8 ladies soe pretily and richly attired. Mrs. Fitton leade, and after they had dune all their own ceremonies, these 8 lady maskers choose 8 ladies more to daunce the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the Queen and wooed her to daunce; her Majesty asked what she was; *Affection,* she said. *Affection* is false. Yet her Majestie rose and daunced." And Mary, you read, "would put off her head-tire and tucke upp her clothes, and take a large white cloak and march, as though she had been a man, to meet her lover William Herbert." Or it is, "My Lord Herbert is practicing at Greenwich, I sent him word of this; he leapes, he daunces, he singes, he gives counterbusses, he makes his horse muve with more speede; he thanckes me, and meanes to be exceeding merry with you this winter in Baynard's Castel, when you must take physicke." Mr. Wyndham is not less but more successful in the conjunction of clearness and charm with which he presents that most famed campaign the Poetomachia, and that share in its skirmishing which conjecture may assign to Shakespeare. He is almost as much at home in the period as a contemporary critic might be with the epoch of Sir Henry Irving; not only Marlowe and Massinger, Ford, and Chapman and Ben Jonson are familiar to him, but Greene and Tom Nash, as who should say Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero.

---

* "Shakespeare's Poems." Edited by George Wyndham. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)



From Photo by] MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM. [*Elliott & Fry.*

But Mr. Wyndham, if he gives his readers their "whack" of information, knows very well that scholarship is by no means a name to conjure with in this matter. It seems an end which any editor might have achieved, and yet nothing so distinguishes Mr. Wyndham among editors as his insistence on the value of the Sonnets as poetry, and poetry only. We have talked ourselves or been talked into a way of regarding these fountains of unexampled beauty as metrical contributions to the *Chronique scandaleuse.*

"And who," says Mr. Wyndham, intent on the exquisite response of Shakespeare's art to the inspiration of beauty, "need care whether his Sonnets were addressed to William Herbert or to another? A riddle will always arrest and tease the attention; but on that very account we cannot pursue the sport of running down the answer, unless we make a sacrifice of all other solace. Had the Sphinx's enigma been less transparent, it must have wrecked the play of Sophocles, for the minds of the audience would have strayed at the outset: much in the manner of trippers to Hampton Court, who spend their whole time in the Maze. Above all, must the mind be disencumbered, clean, plastic, when, like a sensitive plant, it is set to receive the impression of a work of art."

Of this kind of writing, we may say that it comes not save by knowledge and great pains, and Mr. Wyndham's are rewarded.

C. W. BOYD.

WAS WORDSWORTH AN APOSTATE?*

We recently saw it remarked with justice, in a review of a certain book, that the author's frequent employment of such words as "heathen, infidel," showed that he was not on a level with the best thought of the nineteenth century. It is to be hoped that the word apostate, except when the desertion of a creed from self-interested motives is intended, may now be added to the list of words obsolete in the sense of reproach. It was meant as an appendage of execration to the name of Julian, whose honest change of opinion was no more and no less obnoxious to censure than the corresponding mutation of St. Augustine. It is nothing less than scandalous that, after the fierce political passions of his day had subsided, it should ever have been applied to William Wordsworth. Yet Mr. Hale White's defence is not uncalled for. Three illustrious poets have fixed the imputation upon Wordsworth in language not to be forgotten, and in two instances not without *prima facie* grounds. Byron's attacks are evidently prompted by spleen, yet, as a matter of fact, it cannot be denied that Wordsworth did have "a place in the Excise." Shelley's rebuke is dignified and decorous; he would evidently have been as glad to have been undeceived by Mr. Hale White as Byron would have been sorry. Browning, writing in an age of comparative peace and light, is far less excusable than either. Nothing, indeed, but his own admission could have convinced us that the lines beginning, "Just for a handful of silver he left us," alluded even remotely to Wordsworth. We had persisted in deeming them meant for Brougham, notwithstanding some obvious difficulties. It was much easier to believe that Brougham might have had visitations from the Muse which had remained unknown to us than that any sane person in Browning's day should have taxed Wordsworth with taking bribes or sticking ribbons into his coat!

Mr. Hale White's defence of Wordsworth's political integrity, in so far as the poet's own conscious purpose went, is absolutely convincing. Nothing can be clearer than that, if Wordsworth was less the friend of France during the second period of the Revolutionary wars than in the first, he was no less the friend of Liberty. He sympathised with her as long as she appeared the champion of freedom; he ceased to sympathise when, as impersonated in Napoleon, she sought to destroy it. It was actually the fact that the Tory ministry of England was for a time the only efficacious defender of liberty in Europe, and Wordsworth could do nothing else than support it. His fault, we conceive, was not to have seen that, just as there had been a time for him to champion the French Revolution, and a time

* "An Examination of the Charge of Apostasy against Wordsworth." By William Hale White. 3s. 6d. (Longmans, Green and Co)

to assail it, so there was a time to quit the Tory camp. His having aided ministers in their death-struggle with the Corsican was no reason for aiding them in their entirely perverse resistance to measures of such obvious justice as Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill. He honestly thought it was, he sincerely believed that concession on these points would produce a new revolution to be succeeded by a new tyranny. But he did not perceive that in advancing this argument he was descending from the high ground of principle which he had previously occupied, and placing himself on the low level of expediency. A statesman must occasionally take this ground; a poet never should; his concern is, or ought to be, with pure abstract truth and eternal ideas. Even on the ground of expediency Wordsworth erred, and one would hope that he felt some compunction when he saw the Reformed Parliament giving effect to his own ideas in a way which the ancient legislature never would have done, reforming the poor law, purifying the corporations, and emancipating the slaves. But this purely intellectual error in no respect justifies the charge of apostasy.

This imputation is even less founded as regards Wordsworth's religious opinions. It is true that as he grew older he manifested an attachment to institutions and forms to which he had previously been indifferent, but only as the vesture of his original ideas. We are disposed to connect this development with the decline of his poetical faculty; the fount, to cite his own expression in another connection, had become a well. He would have been unable to produce much really original poetry on religious subjects, and his indebtedness to tradition for the themes of his ecclesiastical sonnets inevitably suffused his verse with an Anglican tint. Mr. Hale White points out the discrepancy in spirit between these compositions and one of the few very fine productions of Wordsworth's latter years, the sonnet on Mutability. The cause is evident; when Wordsworth wrote the sonnet he was inspired, and did not know what he was writing; when he wrote the sonnets he was uninspired, and knew but too well.

Mr. Hale White has performed a pious task with eminent ability, and earned the thanks of all who are jealous for the honour of great men. RICHARD GARNETT.

THE NEW BIBLE DICTIONARY.*

Since the new edition of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible mysteriously stopped short with its first volume, more than one similar project has been set on foot. Messrs. Clark are in advance of any rivals in publishing this instalment of a great standard work. The editor, Dr. Hastings, has marshalled a splendid staff of contributors. The names of the Oxford Regius Professor of Hebrew and the Cambridge Regius Professor of Divinity appear together on the title page; and articles are printed by over a hundred and forty scholars drawn from nearly all sections of Protestant Christendom. The form and arrangement of the book leave little to desire, though we doubt whether the illustrations are worth the space they occupy. Many of the articles, notably those of brief compass, are models of terse and lucid statement, compact with well-digested learning. One turns naturally to the longer contributions to determine the general standpoint of the work as a whole. Principal Stewart of St. Andrews has compressed "The Bible" into thirteen judicious and ably-written pages. His tone towards the Higher Criticism may sound to some ears a little belated; while his handling of inspiration, though non-committal, favours Robertson Smith's version of the Reformers' doctrine on this difficult problem. Most of the articles on Old Testament subjects however accept modern critical results with considerable frankness. This is conspicuous in such writers as Mr. Harford-Battersby, on "Exodus," and Dr. Curtis on "Daniel." As regards the New Testament, perhaps the crucial article here is Mr. Headlam's very competent study of the Acts, which takes a fairly conservative view, even of the speeches. The critical position of the Dictionary, so far as this volume discloses it, appears to be roughly that of the "left centre"—as represented by scholars like Dr. Driver and Prof. Ryle. This however finds its counterpoise in many valuable and weighty articles on Biblical Theology which may be described as belonging distinctly to the "right-centre." For example, Prof. Warfield, of Princeton, writes on "Faith," Mr. J. O. F. Murray on "Atonement and Election," Mr. T. P. Kilpatrick on "Conscience," and Mr. T. B. Strong on "Ethics" (the theme of his Bampton Lectures)—all pointing to definitely orthodox conclusions; while Dr. J. H. Bernard, on the "Fall," derives man's physical death from his moral evil. Dr. Plummer deals very ably, though cautiously, with the thorny topic of Baptism. Mr. Gayford does justice to the place held by "prophets" in the primitive Church; and Prof. Gwatkin decides that the New Testament contains no clear trace of Bishops, in the later sense of the word. Perhaps the most massive and masterly articles in the volume are those on Eschatology and Chronology. Under the former heading, the Old Testament section greatly increases the debt which the Dictionary owes to Dr. A. B. Davidson, while New Testament Eschatology receives exhaustive treatment from Prof. Salmond, a chief living authority on this subject. The important development of Eschatology in Jewish Apocryphal and Apocalyptic literature could fall to no one more competent than Mr. Charles, who adds welcome contributions upon various branches of Apocalyptic. The two articles on Chronology by Dr. Curtis (Old Testament) and Mr. C. H. Turner (New Testament) exhibit immense research focussed into luminous results. Mr. Turner's dates for St. Paul's career agree in the main with Prof. Ramsay's, and lie about midway between the later limit adopted by Lightfoot and the earlier limit advocated by Harnack. Many neutral themes have been appropriately assigned to experts. Thus Prof. Hommel has vested rights in Assyria and Babylonia, Mr. W. E. Crum annexes Egypt, while Prof. Sayce is at home among the Hittites, and casts his shoe over Edom. Prof. Bennett deals admirably with the Family, and Prof. Macalister writes ex cathedrâ on points of medical science.

You close the book with astonishment and admiration, as you begin to realise the enormous editorial labour and patience it must have cost. Dr. Hastings deserves unstinted congratulation upon this successful instalment of a very great undertaking. Ministers and theological students will welcome its sober judgment and its serious Christian spirit, as well as the new wealth of Biblical learning which it makes accessible to them all. T. H. DARLOW.

---

* "A Dictionary of the Bible," dealing with its Language, Literature, and Contents, including Biblical Theology. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., and, chiefly in the revision of proofs, of A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D., S. R. Driver, D.D., Litt.D., and H. B. Swete, D.D., Litt.D. Vol. I. (A—Feasts.) (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh. 28s.)

MR. LAURENCE BINYON'S NEW VOLUME.*

The title-poem is Mr. Binyon's most ambitious effort, if we are to measure ambition by length. But readers that make through it first acquaintance with the poet are advised to seek his earlier "London Visions," which are hardly equalled by anything here. "Porphyrion" has a dull subject. At least, in Mr. Binyon's hands, in spite of his refinement and his careful art, it is dull. The pilgrimage of the hero from the desert to the world is wanting in incident and interest. Either the body or the soul should have had more stirring adventures. Much of the detail, however, is beautiful.

> "Through the dim street
> He went: the stillness hearkened at his heels.
> Now as he passed, in chilly waftings fresh
> He scented the far morning: the blue night
> Thinned, and all pale things were disclosed."

There are many pictures as true and as charming as that. In short, there is much quiet pleasure and very little stimulus to be got out of "Porphyrion."

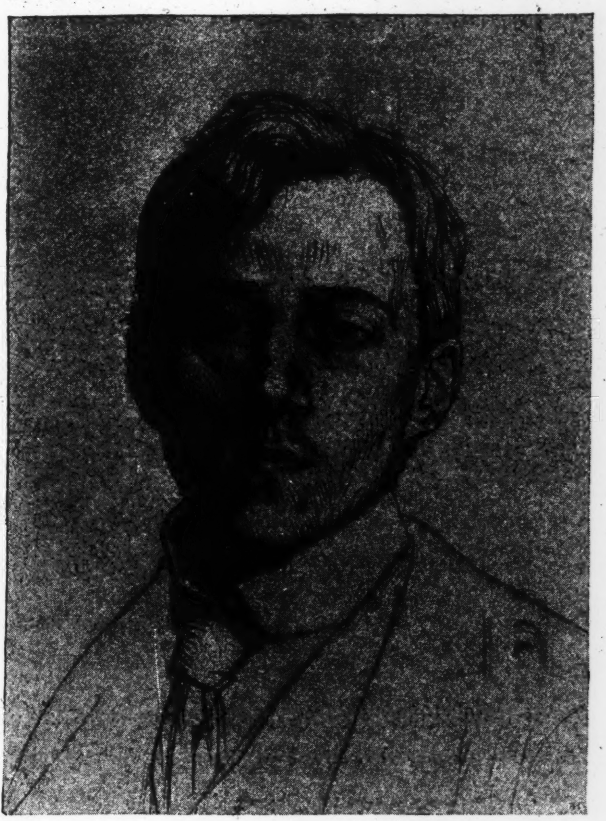
But Mr. Binyon is one of the most interesting of the younger poets. He is austere and he is sympathetic. He has a heart, and already a good deal of wisdom. In the whole volume there is not a line of nonsense. We incline to think that he is not ripe yet for surpassing his pictures of London life. Those in this book, more especially "The Fire," have an individuality the rest of the work is lacking in. His management of metre is original, occasionally very successful; and though he gives no promise of lyrical brilliancy, there are a few passages where he has attained to the height of song; witness the lines in "Carvalhos."

> "The stem of all my being
> Waited to bear this flower.
>
> Upward, a burning flame,
> My spirit springs enkindled.
> No more of place, nor name,
> Nor time aware, it flees
> Aloft, in the noon to be mingled,
> In fire its fire to appease."

---

* "Porphyrion and Other Poems." By Laurence Binyon. 5s. (Richards.)

His usual mood is one of subdued emotion; but there are occasions where he lets himself go with great freedom, and he has feeling enough and thought enough to give ballast to rhapsody. His highest poetical note is reached in the close of "Songs of the World Unborn."



MR. LAURENCE BINYON.

Reproduced by kind permission from an engraving by Mr. William Strang.

> "O what shall abide?
> Aching desire, mutinous longing,
> Love, the divine rebel, the challenge of all,
> Faith, that the doubters doubted and wept her fall,
> To an empty sepulchre thronging:
> These, the sap of the earth,
> Irresistibly sprung,
> In the blood of heroes running sweet,
> In the dream of the dreamers ever young,
> Supplanting the solid and vast delusions,
> Hearten the heart of the wronged to endure defeat,
> The forward-gazing eyes of the old sustain,
> Mighty in perishing youth, and in endless birth,
> These remain."

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Le Gallienne's last romance, "The Quest of the Golden Girl," alienated the sympathies of a good many of his former admirers from his work. He may win them back again with "Zion Chapel," the best thing he has given us for years. It is not at all a robust book, and not a very true one; but its manner is graceful, and its tone, save in the too numerous sick-room scenes, is fresh and delightfully young. The writer has recaptured not a little of his early charm. With the "Golden Girl" still in our memories, we most gratefully acknowledge the entire absence of vulgarity in this last effort.

We don't in the least believe in his hero—the seraphic, the intellectual, the artistic, the devoted pastor of a Nonconformist flock. To be all that Theophilus is alleged to have been—clerk by day, preacher, teacher, visitor, organiser, and smoother of difficulties in his Zion in the evening and on Sundays, besides lover and friend, reader of all the very latest literature in more than one language, joint editor and contributor to the *Dawn*, and decoyer of Verlaine to his chapel—is impossible. Then his humble circumstances are hardly compatible with his literary and artistic possessions, not to mention his cigarettes. Even if we could believe in this charming, luxurious paragon of a Methodist minister, we should hardly be able to like him. Perhaps he was not hypocrite enough to preach much doctrine, but there is something mean in his patronising tone towards his creed, the profession of which gave him bread and butter. "We are glad to have been Nonconformists—once." [He was ostensibly so at the time.] "A Puritan training is a good thing—to look back upon. You are all the more thorough in your pleasures, the truer humanist, for something of it still lurking in your blood." Quite respectable sentiments for Fleet Street, but rather disreputable whispered from within the walls of Zion. Still more are we repelled by his self-conscious, conceited attitude in his sorrow for his first love. No, there is nothing robust about the book. The last scene of all is sickly. The voluntary choosing of companionship in death by two lovers is a sublime possibility. But Mr. Le Gallienne has not the tragic note; and he only makes us feel what a mistake Isabel made.

We began by raising expectations concerning the book, and we seem only to be picking holes in it. But we are not denying the charm of many passages, the prettiness of the earlier love-story, the flashes of wisdom here and there. Indeed, the manner is generally attractive enough to take us off our guard, and to allow us to read this pretty nonsense solemnly. "Theirs was that dream of a threefold union, in which, so to say, jealousy shall be so taken into the confidence of, so held to the heart of, love, that it shall transform itself into love too; and from being the lonely tragic third, become, as the other two, one of an indivisible trinity. . . . As the *Egoisme à deux* is finer than an egoism of one, so this *Egoisme à trois*, if you will, is again finer by its additional inclusiveness." The "indivisible trinity" is possible; but hunger gnaws at the vitals of one of the three.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S PLAYS.*

Mr. Shaw's two prefaces to the volumes before us are excellent reading. Speaking for ourselves, their omission would have been our real loss. But, in printing them, is he quite as discreet as we might expect from one who knows so well the arts and the wiles of the critic's game? His prefatory matter sticks in one's mind after the laugh at his wit and his fooling has died away. What he says of his own career, his purposes, the theatre of the future, the censorship, and a dozen other things, is much too good to forget; and who is to blame us if we recall some passages in the midst of the plays themselves? When we have read "You Never Can Tell" with flickering amusement, and "The Man of Destiny" with some weariness, certain words of the preface ring in our ears. "With them [*i.e.* the average playgoers] I must frankly take the superior position. . . . I can no more write what they want than Joachim can put aside his fiddle and oblige a happy company of beanfeasters with a marching tune on the German concertina." Come, come, there is no such extraordinary striving in the plays we have named, or in "The Philanderer" either, to keep above the level of the average play-goer. They may not be popular, but there is a great deal of cheap wit and gross caricature in them, besides other things incompatible with a very "superior position." Two of them, at least, would not be rejected on the ground of over-subtlety.

Did Mr. Shaw invent the New Drama, or even discover it for England? *Blague à part*, he has probably done as much as any other to give that vague thing whatever reality it has at this moment. But he has not yet published his collected criticisms, which would prove how consistently he has encouraged "actuality" on the stage, and made a fool of the old, out-worn conventions and gentilities. To point his theories and emphasise his purposes, he presents himself not as the critic but as the playwright. The dramas are used as actual illustrations of the kind of thing the public may one day be trained into a liking for—when they have given up sentiment, romance, idealism, and every other British prejudice. By long residence among the Saxons, Mr. Shaw, while retaining the art of banter, has lost some of his native humour. It is sure to be a profitable loss in the long run; but in the meanwhile it may involve his being told that half of his plays can't stand being looked at through solemn spectacles at all. So again we say, for his own sake he should never have written the prefaces; but we are heartily grateful for a mistake as instructive as it is interesting.

---

* "The Romance of Zion Chapel." By Richard Le Gallienne. 6s. (Lane.)

* "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant." By Bernard Shaw. With a Portrait of the Author. 2 vols. 5s. each. (G. Richards.)

Mr. Shaw seems to think a good part of the obstacle to success of the plays on the stage is the difficulty of the parts for our available actors. Well, they may be unpopular; but they are not tremendously subtle. Only, his stage directions are enough to frighten anyone. By the written law of these the personages have to look such an immensity of things, and have to tell so exact a tale, from their eyebrows to their shoe-strings, that most actors would recoil in fright or revolt. In short, you might call the stage directions bits of the unwritten novels on which the plays are based. There are four considerable plays, "Widowers' Houses," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Arms and the Man," and "Candida." They are none of them epoch-making, either as regards their craft, their audacity, or their power of moving and convincing us. For each of them we should on general grounds resent a preface. Their meaning is perfectly clear, and their purposes have been dramatised before. The brightest, the most craftsmanlike, "Arms and the Man," has no purpose at all, save to be witty and amusing, an intention most abundantly fulfilled.

The stumbling-block to most readers will be "Mrs. Warren's Profession." "Widowers' Houses" will shock nobody in these days by its attack on "middle-class respectability and younger-son gentility fattening on the poverty of the slum." But this other will force a fervent prayer from many a reader for the long life of the Censor that can prevent its being put on the boards. We confess we are not anxious to see it there. It is an honest and, in purpose, a moral play, strong and effective in its essential parts. The theme is brutal; but art, and stage art, too, admit the brutal. Only, Mr. Shaw has addressed himself here, it would seem, to the very stupid. Of all the Ibsenite plays we have seen not one is more contrary to the wholesome frugal fashion of Ibsen when dealing with unsavoury themes. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is on a far higher moral level—and we need never apologise for treating Mr. Shaw from this standpoint, which is the one he has chosen to adopt—than "The Philanderer," as it is a more coherent play; but it is needlessly offensive in pursuing its purpose.

There remains "Candida," one of the "pleasant" things—not so very pleasant, however, but that it demands the serious attention of modern persons. We have only praise for it. What Mr. Shaw means when he says that the "physical difficulties" of the poet's part beat an experienced actor-manager we cannot conceive. This poet seems to us his one original gift to the drama of our day, an unostentatious but a considerable one. "Candida" is mainly another restatement of the independence of women's souls, and certainly one of the ablest and the least tiresome we have ever met. What is the use of an Independent or any other theatre that can't give us "Candida" every now and then? It is a well-made, healthy, good-natured, sober-minded play, a safe British version of Ibsen, with no explosive genius in it, but a great deal of humanity and of humour.

AN ILLUSTRATED STEVENSON.*

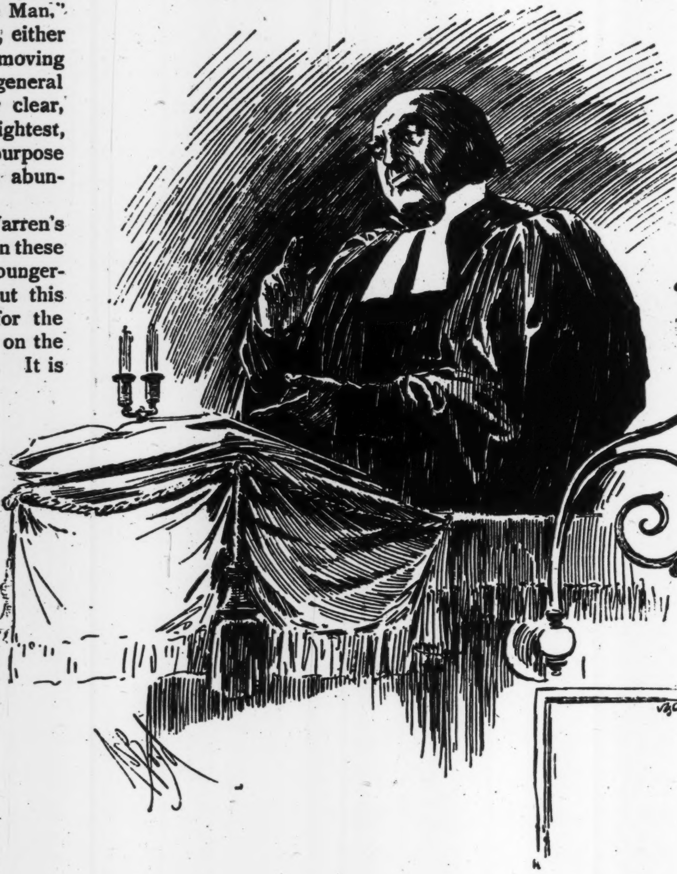
In reviewing this volume it is with the illustrator rather than with the poet that we are chiefly concerned. In the "Illustrator's Note" Mr. Boyd tells us that he is "not certain of the particular parish Stevenson had in his mind when he wrote this poem," and has therefore thought it "unnecessary to make portraits from any one locality." We do not agree with him in his uncertainty. The photographic accuracy of description prevents any doubt in the minds of those familiar with the parish in question, and even the author's disclaimer refers only to the preacher's personality, not to locality. Still, we admit that the description is typical of almost any Scottish rural parish, though we observe that, whether accidentally or no, one or two of Mr. Boyd's sketches might well have been taken from the actual church where Stevenson so often sat as a boy, and where a worthy minister still "the treesures o' his words unlocks wi' prodigality," with the old-fashioned sounding-board over his head and the precentor complacently asleep in his box below. Mr. Boyd also tells us that he depicts the period and the class of people "as he remembers them." His memory serves him well as far as men are concerned; with regard to women, not so well; with children, not at all. The "restin' plou'man," "perplext wi' leisure," raxes his raxt limbs to the life on one page, and on another

> "The solemn elders at the plate
> Stand drinkin' deep the pride o' state,"

with not an imperfect touch among the four. But the women might be anything—Scots, English, or Irish; the little girls are typical only of an idealised Surrey Sunday-school, and the little boys have been imported straight from the telegraph office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Only the men are Scots. Fortunately most of the figures are men, and to them we turn and return again and again. It is hard to say which is best. The "minister's man" adjusting the Geneva gown in the vestry is as true to life as any, but the "fisslin' for the text" and the kirkyard, where

> "The mither's brithers, dacent men!
> Lie a' the fower,"

are admirable. In fact, they are all good, the men of them—inimitably, excellently good. We hope that Mr. Boyd will give us more like them; but first let him take another look at kintra folks' weans.



From "A Lowden Sabbath Morn." (Chatto and Windus.)

TWO COLLEGE HISTORIES.

(1) LINCOLN.*

This series will comprise thirty-nine volumes, eighteen devoted to Cambridge and twenty-one to Oxford. Of the latter the present volume is the first specimen. It is very nicely printed and bound, but the illustrations are disappointing. Mr. Clark, who has an extensive knowledge of Oxford antiquities, and writes with enthusiasm, has doubtless said all that is to be said about Lincoln College, but it is surprisingly little. Unfortunately, he gives no account of the College muniments, but it would seem that on Rector Hood's death, in 1668, all the earlier records were destroyed. The later materials are either meagre or uninteresting. All that Mr. Clark says directly bearing on this college amounts to about fifty pages; he is therefore forced to fill up by an excellent epitome of general University affairs, and even sometimes of general English history. An account of several important movements and transactions may be justified by one or two Lincoln names being found in a list of officers or petitioners, but this is hardly college history. Mr. Clark is first in the field, but what is to become of his successors? It is true that two or three colleges present copious and interesting materials bearing on their foundation and mediæval development, and that the fortunes of two or three in the seventeenth century assume the importance of national history; but on these points every detail has long since been given to the world. The other colleges can hardly occupy much more space than Lincoln, and to make up his 200 pages each chronicler will have to repeat in other words Mr. Clark's University annals. As for the historian of the College without a history, the twenty-five-years-old Keble, he has not even this resource, and is undone unless they let him fall back on the horrors of the buildings—a theme inexhaustible. Clearly, then, this series will entail a frightful waste of literary energy. Why not have produced it on the plan of a "localized" parish magazine? Little Sotwell fondly believes that it has a penny organ all to itself; but really it is compiled and printed alike for a thousand parishes, except the special last page which decants the local small beer sent up monthly by the vicar. Similarly, each of these College Histories might have been reprints of a history of university and college development by some competent authority like Mr. Clark, "localised" by the addition of a few chapters on the particular college by another hand.

---

* "A Lowden Sabbath Morn." By Robert Louis Stevenson. With Twenty-seven Illustrations by A. S. Boyd. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

* "Lincoln College." (College Histories Series.) By the Rev. A. Clark. 5s. (Robinson.)

The fact is these volumes satisfy what is called a "felt want"—which always means an imaginary one. They are not books. They are souvenirs, toys, or furniture. Oxford now turns out thousands of men for whom membership of a college forms a material, perhaps the sole, social distinction. The curate and headmaster of Little Sotwell are delighted to have their college history to add to the college arms and photographs in their studies, and the bigger the volume the more it enhances their consequence, and the more agreeable it is to lend it to the churchwarden's lady.

Lincoln College has existed 470 years. Yet not one single work of genius or permanent value has been written within its walls, save by the late Rector Pattison. And not one man of first-rate literary distinction has it ever produced. But the same may be said of many other colleges. "College worthies" are frequently but a pious fraud. They have either been "produced" elsewhere, or not at all. Christ Church boasts its Locke, though it "persecuted his person and proscribed his opinions." University College has allowed a ridiculous temple to be reared within its walls to Shelley, whom it very properly expelled, and who owed, or professed to owe, nothing to its nurture. Magdalen, which still smarts under the contempt of its most illustrious member, may before long set up a Gibbon reredos. The fact is that since the seventeenth century the Oxford colleges have "produced" very, very few men of European reputation. Most have been produced at home, some at school, and some have developed greatness only when the Oxford influence had been shaken off. Moreover, each college claims to have "produced" the talent which it has imported from others Houses. Of Lincoln's indigenous worthies the most important are Sanderson—a *venerabile nomen* indeed, but which survives mainly because the *vates sacer* was not wanting to him in the person of Walton; and Lord Crewe, its principal benefactor, a man whose merits have probably been rather under-estimated. Of the French Primate Gifford little seems to be known. The Nonjuring Dean Hickes was, I fancy, not indigenous. Primate Potter, a minor star, and Dr. Radcliffe were both educated at University College, to which the latter soon returned, for reasons which, I think, are given differently in his curious Life. John Wesley was a Christ Church man, and it is disappointing that Mr. Clark has not been able to discover more than the bare official facts of his residence at Lincoln as Fellow and Tutor. Of that Rector of Lincoln who in the memory of man used to drive over to market from his country living with a load of pigs, and cause scandal by keeping his butcher's cart standing at the college gate, nothing appears.

Y. Y.

(2) CORPUS CHRISTI.*

If we except a certain scrappiness of arrangement—a defect to some extent atoned for by a good index—Dr. Stokes' work is one deserving of commendation. Such works as Masters' History of the College are not generally accessible; and it is not every one who cares nowadays for the trouble of reading through so large a book. These laborious compilations of the last century appeal to a limited circle of specialists only; to those outside the pale, as well as to those desirous of an easy introduction to the pale, this dainty volume, and its future companions, will prove of special value.

Of course there is no book without its faults. The chief fault of Dr. Stokes' work lies in its assuming too much knowledge on the part of the reader with respect to some of the matters touched upon in its course. This we may illustrate with a few examples. It may be questioned whether the Cambridge technicality "to keep" in rooms is generally understood outside the town. Probably a large proportion even of Cambridge men do not know that the college was long known by the alternative name of Bene't or Benedict College. This is duly explained in the course of the first chapter, but for some time before the explanation is reached the student is confused by the indiscriminate use of the names. Again, the understanding of a reader unskilled in Cambridge geography would be greatly assisted if a map were given showing the position of Free School Lane, Botolph Lane, and the other thoroughfares mentioned in connection with the history of the College. The author is almost too reticent in connection with some interesting particulars. The "Billingford chest," for instance, is referred to several times, and a passing mention is made to its foundation; but the nature of the charity is nowhere specified. It was a fund from which scholars in pecuniary difficulties might borrow, subject to certain regulations. This Billingford, when Chancellor of the University, was sent with a deputation to Rome at the time of a dispute between two rival Popes, to inform them that unless the dispute were settled the "Church of England would render allegiance to neither." At a later stage of the record we are denied the knowledge of the exact reason why the mysterious inscription—Henslow Common Informer—was stencilled on the wall of the College. By the way, Dr. Stokes does not mention that the last word has for some time been erased.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the series of seven appendices. The library, with the superb collection of manuscripts, formed by Archbishop Parker, naturally receives full treatment, and notes are given on the more interesting books. The museum bequeathed by the late Rev. S. S. Lewis, the librarian—to whose energy the Cambridge Antiquarian Society owed so much of its continued vitality—is also described, but Dr. Stokes follows the late Prof. Middleton in noticing the gems and rings only. The interesting and valuable coins still await a historian. Another treasure of the College is its unique collection of plate. The choicest pieces were included in the Loan Exhibition of Plate at the Fitzwilliam Museum a couple of years ago, and the illustrated catalogue of this exhibition, prepared by Messrs. Foster and Atkinson, is made use of by Dr. Stokes. When the catalogue of the Church Plate of Cambridgeshire, which has for some time been in preparation by a committee of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, makes its appearance, a fuller description of the communion vessels belonging to the College will be available. Dr. Stokes omits to notice that some of the latter bear Continental hall-marks—those of the Hague, if we remember aright.

In short, the work before us is a good and handy introduction to the chequered history of the College; is nicely illustrated with plates from various old authorities, showing the architectural development of the buildings; and is tastefully "got up" and appropriately bound in a delicate light-blue cover.

R. A. STEWART MACALISTER.

MR. R. W. FRAZER'S "LITERARY HISTORY OF INDIA."*

The history of the literature of the Brahmans at least has been well recorded during the past century. Warren Hastings has only of late been vindicated on the political side of his career. But it should not be forgotten that it was he who began the study of Sanskrit when he summoned the eleven Pundits to reveal Manu; and it was also he who first promoted geographical exploration and commercial development when he sent an embassy to Lhasa and nearly opened up Tibet. Charles Wilkins, the young London banker who became an Indian Civil Servant in 1770, first published his quarto translation of the "Bhagavat Geeta, or Dialogue of Krishna and Arjoon" in 1785 in London, and with his own hands cut the Bengali types from which the elder Halhed's Grammar was printed seven years before that. In spite of the doggerel, we may rescue these lines from the Asiatic Annual Register of 1801, where he is thus described:

---

* "Corpus Christi." (College Histories Series.) By Rev. H. P. Stokes, LL.D., Vicar of St. Paul's, Cambridge. 5s. net. (Robinson.)

* "A Literary History of India." By R. W. Frazer, LL.B, author of "Silent Gods and Sun-steeped Lands" and "British India." "Story of the Nations" series. 16s. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1898.)

> "See patient Wilkins to the world unfold
> Whate'er discovered Sanskrit relics hold,
> But he performed a yet more noble part,
> He gave to Asia typographic art."

Charles Wilkins lived to be knighted by George IV. The Royal Society of Literature inscribed his name on a special gold medal which they presented to him—"Carolo Wilkins, Literaturae Sanskritae Principi"—and he died at the age of eighty-seven in the year 1836.

From Photo by] MR. R. W. FRAZER. [*Elliott & Fry.*

At least four great books tell the story and worthily unfold the contents of Sanskrit literature since the early days of Warren Hastings and Charles Wilkins. First and greatest of all is John Muir's "Original Sanskrit Texts on the Origin and History of the People of India, their Religion and Institutions, Collected, Translated, and Illustrated." The second edition of the five volumes of "the great pundit," as he was called, and munificent founder of the chair of Sanskrit in Edinburgh University, forms a quarry from which less learned and sane writers have conveyed their materials, not always with due acknowledgment. Next in scholarly value comes the History of Indian Literature by the Berlin Professor, Albrecht Weber, whose second edition appeared in English in 1878. The History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature, so far as it illustrates the primitive religion of the Brahmans, by Professor Max Müller, appeared in a second edition in 1860, some eight years after Weber's first German edition. Most useful to the general reader, and most complete of all, is Sir M. Monier-Williams's "Indian Wisdom, or Examples of the Religious, Philosophical, and Ethical Doctrines of the Hindus, with a Brief History of the Chief Departments of Sanskrit Literature, and some Account of the Past and Present Condition of India, Moral and Intellectual." That appeared in 1875, and if it were brought down to date it would continue to supersede all other works of reference on the writings and thought and character of the Hindus.

Mr. Frazer's "Literary History of India" is at once a more ambitious and a less authoritative volume than any of these. It uses them so far as they go, but it has a merit and a value of its own which, for the purely English student, will supersede even that of the Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford. Its method, too, is different, as well as the extent and variety of the ground which it covers. Mr. Frazer's object is historical rather than purely literary—it is, as he puts it, "to set forth a connected history of India from such evidences as I have selected from its literature." Hence he evades, as he confesses, difficulties everywhere patent to the scholar or the specialist. The book is the first of a "Library of Literary History," in which the point of view is shifted from politics to literature. The editor of the series, whose name is not given, asks if we might not recover the outlines of the lost history of a nation if all records of its progress were blotted out and its literature were yet left us. Certainly he has begun well with India, not only as having the earliest written literature outside of the Hebrew scriptures, but as having no other records of any kind, until the foreign invader drags it to the light of history. Not only are the Hindus destitute of historical facts regarding themselves, their predecessors, their descent on Hindostan, the peoples they dislodged, the dissenters they fought and finally drove to the Mongolians, and the development of their institutions and ritual down to the present day, but they have no historical instinct or judgment. To the present hour their most enlightened men and most ambitious movements suffer from this want of perspective alike as to the past and the present, their own political development and that of their rulers and other foreign peoples. The greatest of living Orientalists, Professor Cowell, of Cambridge, when one of their teachers in the Presidency and Sanskrit colleges of Calcutta thirty years ago, drew attention to this fatal defect in a remarkable article in the *Calcutta Review*.

Hence the peculiar value of Mr. Frazer's book. He gathers up the latest facts and criticisms regarding the literature of the Indo-Aryans, Sanskrit and Prakrit, learned and popular, old-world and present-day, and maps them out so that we may trace such history of the Hindus as is possible from the Aryan invasion of India and the 1028 Vedic hymns down to the Bengali play "Nil Durpan," or "Mirror of Indigo," the translation of which sent the Rev. James Long unjustly to the Calcutta penitentiary, and imperilled the administration of Sir John Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. From the grey mists through which the nature-worshippers are dimly seen advancing down the passes where our troops are still at bay, chanting their almost mono-theistic prayers, through the twilight of the older and into the dawn of the newer deities, we arrive at Brahmanism in the fulness of its tyranny as a system of life. The unavoidable reaction is seen in Buddhism, with its later Jain offshoot, only to find the system, identified with the empire of Asoka, shattered or driven out by the Brahmans again. The chapter which closes the struggle, termed "the final resting-place of Aryan thought," shows Mr. Frazer at his best, and introduces us to the later epics, the legends of the tribal warriors and their heroic deeds. The Mahabharata, ascribed to Vyasa, runs to twenty thousand lines, and the Ramayana of the Brahman poet, Valmiki, to forty-eight thousand. These, far more than all the Veds and succeeding sacred books of ritual, dominate the life of the two hundred and ten millions of our Hindu fellow-subjects who speak the Indo-Aryan vernaculars. The drama follows the epics, with extracts from H. H. Wilson's "Theatre of the Hindus," giving us a picture of Indian life about the beginning of the Christian era, but to the foreigner quite as tame, looked at from the histrionic side, as the purely native plays which we have witnessed in Calcutta and Bombay.

Thus Mr. Frazer covers three hundred well-packed and well-written pages. In the hundred and fifty that follow he is more new and modern. His past experience and mastery of Tamil and Telugu make his account of the literature and history of South India valuable. Almost too rapidly he sketches the Mohammedan influence, following John Leyden's translation of the Memoirs of the Emperor Babar, and the life and writings of the mystic sectaries and reformers who attempted to unite Brahmanism and Islam, such as Kabir and Nanuk, Tulsi Das and Tuka Ram. A chapter on "the fusing point of old and new" introduces the British influence, and the recent Bengali novelists, poets, and even *savants* like Professor Bose. The volume is most valuable from both the political and the literary side, although its contributions to the historical are necessarily scant. If it has a defect, that is to be found in the nonrecognition of the influence of Christianity. The names of Ziegenbalg, Carey, and Marshman are honoured, no doubt, although the ablest of the modern Bengali writers is not mentioned, the author of "Govinda Samanta," who was a Christian, the Rev. Lal Behari Dey. His Life is, we believe, about to appear. If justice were done to the influence of Christian literature and teaching, and its effects, direct and secondary, Mr. Frazer's book would be still wiser, fairer, and more valuable than it is. For it is Christianity that is behind and beneath the Pax Britannica.

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW STORY.*

Mr. Crockett is back among the sons of the Covenant, among the hill-men of Galloway, and in that air his mind and manner are always most stalwart and his imaginings most attractive. "The Standard Bearer" is a less elaborate and less ambitious book than "The Men of the Moss-Hags"; but it contains some of his best work. The opening chapter, which describes how the hero, Quintin MacLellan, when a herd boy on the hill, received his call to join "the folk of God," captures the whole of our attention. It was the killing time, and lying with his dogs on the heather, he was witness of the cold-blooded murder of a wanderer by a red-coat. Just how the boy and the dogs, all three masters of craft, because all born in the Days of the Fear, crept along the side of the fell, is described with excellent brevity. And how one that went whistling up the hill a boy, came down a man, is made very real and very clear.

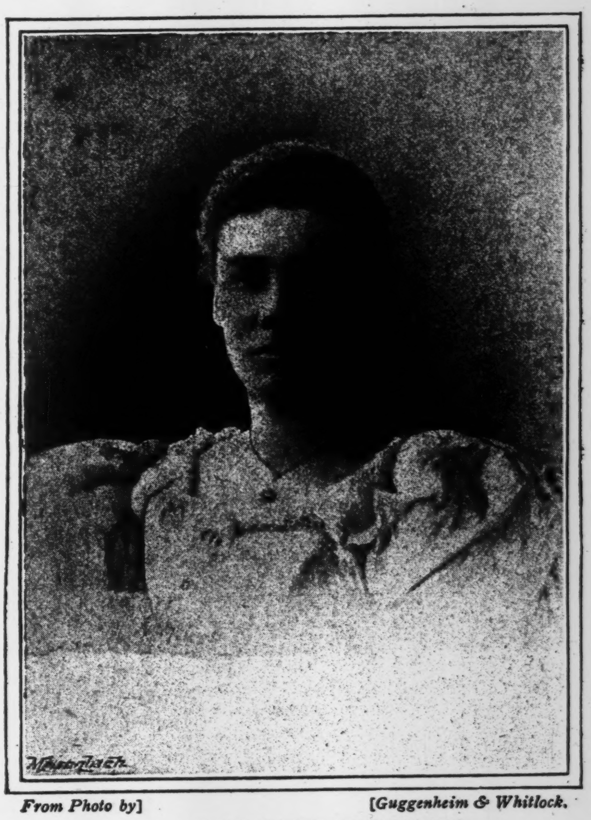
The history of Quintin's adventures in the Kirk and among the hill-folk whom he joined at last, is more interesting than his love stories. That in the end Lady Mary would thaw we always felt sure; and as for the incident of Jenny, frankly, that is a disappointment. Apart from her consumptive malady—a fatal flaw in a heroine of to-day—she is not a very attractive young woman. But her spirited sister with the fearful name, Alexander-Jonita, far out-rivals the haughty Lady Mary in our affections. Alexander-Jonita deserves a book to herself. Save for her, the men-folk, Quintin, Hob, and the Bull of Earlstoun, have it their own way in this book. Into them has Mr. Crockett's energy been poured; and the roaring Earl is a great reality. Hear this fighting Christian cursing his enemies. "Give William Boyd his bellyful of curses. Turn him as often on thy roasting-spit as he has turned his coat on the earth. Frighten wee Telfair wi' the uncanniest o' a' thy deil imps. And as for the rest of them, may they burn back and front, ingate and outgate, hide, hair, and harrigals, till there is nocht left o' them but a wee pluff o' ash, that I shall hold like snuff between my fingers and thumb, and blaw away like the white head o' a dandelion." The Malignants were no match for a saint of that temper.

MISS FOWLER'S NEW NOVEL.†

This is a most enlivening book. It positively sparkles with good things. It is gay and clever and bright, brimful of wise and witty sayings. Once or twice we found the talk a little too smart for our liking; now and again it was just a trifle too foolish; but these jarring sentences were very few and very far between. It is true that the Prologue at first takes our breath a little with its somewhat forced brilliancy, though after the first shock we get seasoned and enjoy it most thoroughly. But after the exalted smartness of Cabinet ministers—and Miss Fowler's Cabinet ministers are very smart indeed—we are inclined to feel injured when the heroine ignominiously descends to pointless puns. Isabel is a dazzling personage, too clever to be altogether amiable, but quite clever enough to know how to be fascinating. Her lover, Paul Seaton, is an ideal hero of the old chivalrous school, a level-headed genius of the solider sort, with just that curious combination of sensitiveness and callousness which makes a successful man. Yet it is not among the leading characters nor among the brilliant people that we feel ourselves most strongly appealed to, but rather in the quiet corners—with old Mr. Seaton, the Methodist minister, or Lord Wrexham, the man of little brain and large heart. It is he who touches the deepest note of pathos in the book, when he makes to the wayward, petulant woman who has jilted him such a speech as this:

"My dear, there must never be any question of forgiveness between you and me, for I was yours to do what you liked with. We both made a mistake—you in thinking that you could be content with me, and I in dreaming that I could make you happy. But if ever you get tired of growing old alone, remember that there are always one man's heart and hand waiting for you if you should choose to take them."

Miss Fowler introduces us to society of various ranks, and entertains us well everywhere, for Lord Bobby, with his boyish quips, flits breezily through the upper regions, and takes the stiffness out of even a State concert, while old Martha discourses refreshingly, if rather too garrulously, on politics and religion, in the minister's kitchen. The book is not without its faults. The plot is weak, and certain characters, notably Lady Esdaile, are exaggerated; but these defects are entirely lost sight of in the enjoyment which comes of reading so vivacious a story.



From Photo by] [*Guggenheim & Whitlock.*

MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

TWO GUIDES FOR YOUNG AUTHORS.*

It is a pleasure to be able to commend these two books as being both readable and sensible, for such handbooks are for the most part stale and altogether unprofitable. Mr. Wagner's guide contains an unusual amount of really useful information, and is full of practical hints. If only he could persuade his readers to carry out a tithe of his excellent suggestions, the life of a publisher and an editor would be relieved of many a heavy burden. But young writers still cherish—and we fear will continue to cherish in spite of Mr. Wagner—a wonderful idea that eccentricity of handwriting, a dirty and untidy manuscript, and a voluminous epistle to the editor are all unmistakably necessary signs of genius. The only portions of "How to Publish" which are unsatisfactory are those dealing with the legal aspects of copyright and the payment of contributions in the various periodicals. Copyright is after all so complicated a matter that it is little wonder that Mr. Wagner has in one or two instances failed to make clear his case. The question of payment is also particularly involved, and the rates quoted by Mr. Wagner must be subject to considerable alteration. Should a second edition of "How to Publish" be called for, and we hope this may be the case, for it is in every way a most useful and valuable little book—there are several addresses and titles which should be corrected.

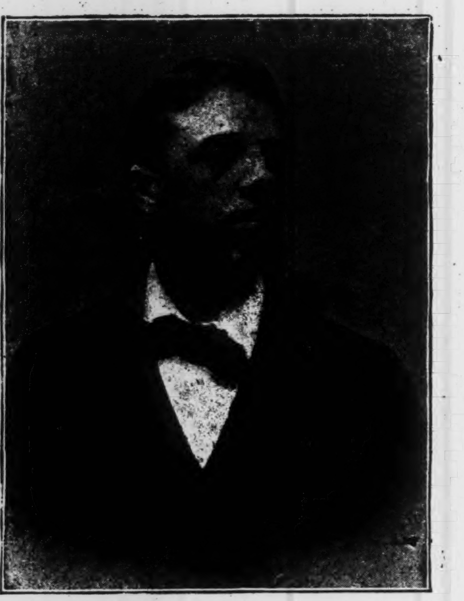
---

* "The Standard Bearer." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Methuen.)

† "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

* "How to Publish." By Leopold Wagner. 3s. 6d. net. (Redway.)
"Journalism for Women." By E. A. Bennett. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Bennett writes for the woman-journalist, and he too earns our gratitude by insisting upon the importance of what we may call the business side of journalism. As editor of *Woman* he writes from bitter experience, and we have nothing but praise for his excellent and practical advice. The literary aspirant cannot do better than ponder over his suggestions, and many a practised writer would be better for reading "Journalism for Women."



MR. E. A. BENNETT.

THE DESTROYER.*

It is a proof of Mr. Swift's power that you may shake the foundations and topple over the structures of this latest story of his—if you are an observant reader, you must—and yet something very valuable will remain. Call it originality; call it genius; call it eccentricity; audacity—what you will; it must wring from you the acknowledgment that "The Destroyer," though an indifferent novel, is a real book and an interesting one. Its faults are not trifling, and the final opinion is the more hardly earned. In the first place, Mr. Swift quite neglects to prove his case, which is, that Love is the destroyer, the war god, the ruthless force that peoples the madhouses. Till Hubert comes home from his travels, a worn-out debauchee, tottering on the brink of insanity, we have been given no reason to believe that he was ever in love at all. Mr. Swift has muddled in his story two things that he most distinctly does not confuse in his mind. As soon as the wretched creature marries Violet, the asylum gates open for him. But that he loved her with any consuming passion never occurs to us while we read his miserable story. Nor do Besser's emotions seem to us of a very ravaging kind. Violet did love, we are convinced; but she was not consumed. That lust is a destroyer, Mr. Swift has given abundant, if superflous, proof. But there is room for a powerful novel on the theme he started with and so strangely neglected.

He has started other things and let them drop limply from his hands. What is the use of Prince Euxine in the story? And what is the use of making Lady Rimmon a Russian, seeing she is so markedly British all through? What is the use of acknowledging with such precision a debt to the de Goucourts' Journal for scenes during the Siege of Paris so far from vivid, so unimportant? The introduction of real personages is managed very ineffectively, probably because the facts of certain incidents are too literally followed. Renan might have been left out, since he makes such a poor show. And though we are asked to believe that the Abbate di Negri of Monte Oliveto exercised the profoundest influence over the soul of Edgar, all we actually see is a kindly Italian priest patting an excitable young Englishman on the back in a patronising fashion, repeating the amiable commonplaces towards England which are on the lips of all Italians, and scarcely hiding the good-humoured cynicism of his attitude to the young man's enthusiasm. The Abbate had seen so many mad English tourists; this was another of them.

The intentions of the book are unfulfilled, but I have read it with great admiration. Where Mr. Swift has not promised, he is full of sudden, surprising, and delightful performance. He may rave, but he does think. He may offer worthless things with ostentation; but his tested, purified gems are of genuine value. His sense of beauty and his sense of humour are both of rare quality. Never before has he so clearly proved that his excesses are the excesses of power. For the first time he lets us hear him in moments of restraint, and thus he succeeds, where he has never succeeded before, in touching us—as in the meeting of Edgar and Violet in Milan Cathedral. "It seemed like the joyous intrigue and compassion of the Invisible to bring them together at last before the altars of their sacrifice and their victory. But a smile, as fine as a smile in sleep, passed over her face. Their souls had fled like fugitives up and down between the gates of birth and death in terror of both gates, and were to be caught here in the midst. . . . They divined, without use of words, this easing of their destinies. They had been sittin long in the cold places of duty, but this soft glow came like the warmth of fruit that ripens in the sun." A mellowing sun has been at work in Mr. Swift's brain since he wrote "The Tormentor."

A. M.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE POTENTATE. By Frances Forbes-Robertson. 6s. (Constable.)

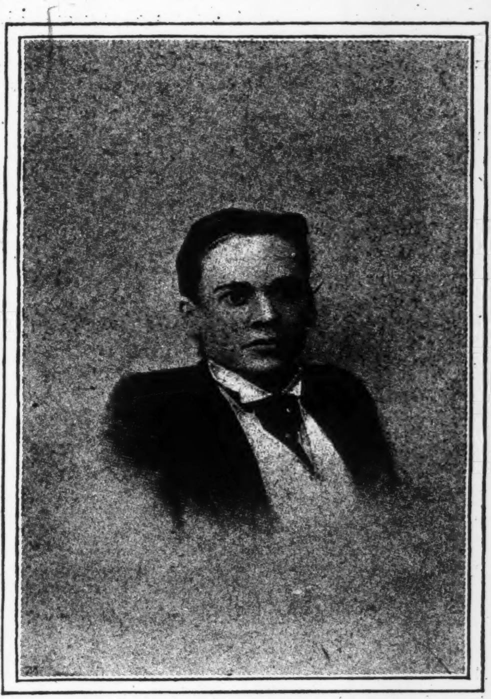
This is a puzzling book. Here and there through its pages there are flashes of evidence that the authoress should have been incapable of writing it. But, alas! she has written it, with its yards of solemn gush and false sublimity crowding out the better qualities she has proved in other stories. Miss Forbes-Robertson has a sense of style, but it has hardly a chance here, where the conception is so forced and unreal. The scene of "The Potentate" is laid in some remote, unspecified age, when public and private vengeance were queerly mixed up. An hour after reading the story the plot has already escaped us, but we know it concerns an elegant ruffian of a Grand Duke, a vague young man called Everard, and a rather stockish young Hypatia woman called Pilar. Whether Everard is meant to be a Hamlet, seeing how slow is the completion of his revenge for his father's murder, or whether Miss Forbes-Robertson could not make her stiff-jointed creature move fast enough, we do not know. It doesn't much matter. Her intentions about the Potentate, however, do matter. He is not a very real person, but he is at least the shadow of a most unwholesome conception. Quite evidently he is a vulgar ruffian; his path through life is strewn with deeds of mean cruelty. But because he toyed with intellectual elegancies, and could make love gracefully to a woman whom a cup of poison could rid him of later, he is sentimentalised over in the most fulsome fashion. And the women who adore him, knowing his ignominies, are treated as sane. Miss Forbes-Robertson has blundered here, not through over-subtlety, but through over-simplicity. Yet there are passages in the story that we have stopped to admire, and evidences of a literary craft which is only waiting for healthier matter to spend itself on successfully.

THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING, and What People Thought of Him. By Paul Leicester Ford. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A publisher's note informs us that thirty thousand copies of this novel have already been sold in America. The fact is very much to the credit of at least thirty thousand Americans. It is an excellent story, interesting, wholesome, and distinctly clever, with, for us over here, a good deal of novel material. To tell the truth, there is an over-abundance of material in it. It is too long by a half, though never does Mr. Ford leave off being an entertaining writer and a conscientious workman. Only, he might have produced a clearer effect with less elaboration. The hero is a New York lawyer and politician, and the purpose of the book is to show how a New York lawyer and politician may, in spite of many temptations, be honest and high-minded. Mr. Ford is a man of intellect and of experience of the world, and so we are introduced to no saint, but to a human being who has dared contamination in shady places and bad company that he might carry his projects through. His projects are all possibilities, not dreams, and he does carry most of them through; and the dingy world he has elected to live and work in is the cleaner and the fresher therefor. The portrait of Peter in private life is charmingly drawn. He is introduced at first as the most silent, the least flattering, the awkwardest of men; but we always see through his rough manners the inborn charm that will out some day; and we are not surprised by his astonishing success among the better sort of women. The distinguishing thing about the book, however, is the excellent picture it gives of political life in New York. The party campaigns are described and dramatised in the liveliest manner; and "The Hon. Peter Stirling," to English readers, is as good as a handbook of political forms and customs. We shall be glad to meet with more of the work of a writer who shows such a grip of life and character.

---

* "The Destroyer." By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Unwin.)



MR. PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

THE LONDONERS. By Robert Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Hichens happily succeeds in disarming criticism by labelling his novel "an absurdity," for a real absurdity is just absurd and *voila tout*. We suppose "The Londoners" was written as a kind of literary recreation, but if Mr. Hichens will listen to good advice he will drop such an unhealthy, exhausting form of exercise without delay. There are one or two very smart sayings in the book and more than a few genuine laughs, and some day he will be exasperated to find that he has buried away such useful "copy" in a rather vulgar harlequinade. "The Londoners" is clearly an indiscretion. A man like the author of "Flames" who suffers at times from a superfluity of imagination must play golf.

THE CATTLE MAN. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Richards.)

This is a fairy-story, especially pleasant for struggling artists to read, and not very harmful if they are fairly level-headed. It concerns the conquest of the art-world of London at a stroke by a very young unknown Canadian. At this season, when rejections fall thick about young painters' heads, it may comfort them to know that luck does still exist in the world; and if Mr. Burgin weans them from their black moods, and sets them dreaming that next year it will be before their picture admiring groups will stand, it will be into their hands cards and pressing invitations will be slipped, he will have done a good deed by his pleasant and quite incredible story. Incredibility of incident is a minor offence. Not so incredibility of character. And we feel bound to say the naturalist's daughter is a monstrosity. Mr. Burgin makes her a kind of shrewish saint. In the name of peace and quietness why did the good father take her away from the music-hall boards, and for what career did he destine her most uncomfortable talents?

KING CIRCUMSTANCE. By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Under this name Mr. Pugh has collected a very miscellaneous batch of tales—commonplace tales, tragic tales, comedies, allegories, and others that do not conveniently come under any head. Some are very good, and a few are but middling. We doubt if the volume shows much advance on "A Man of Straw," but it reveals all kinds of unguessed possibilities in Mr. Pugh. He is something of a poet, not a little of a preacher, very frequently a mere story-teller, and then he is at his best. "Bettles" was written in that frame of mind; so were "The Story of Hannah Wray," "The Man of Silence," and "The Inevitable Thing." There never was a more uncertain writer. He is reticent, he is gushing, he is austere, and he is hysterical; his style and attitude to life are on the level now of a philosopher and again of a minor newspaper reporter. But he has included nothing in this volume that should erase his name from the list of the most promising writers. He has a thinking head, a feeling heart, and a seeing eye. His manner is still in the making, but it should be an excellent one if he does justice to his powers.

A BRIDE OF JAPAN. By Carlton Dawe. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A man who can devise a fairly fresh setting for this weary marriage question deserves credit though his book were the poorest of the season. And when his book is not the poorest of the season, but a powerful, rational, and, at the same time, moral story, and when its setting is among the quaint surrounding little known to us except in comic opera and on ladies' embroidered screens, then the writer has a claim on our gratitude. The subject is serious enough—the terrible tragic power that convention holds over a man's happiness and even over his moral well-being. The story is very pitiful, but very probable, and it is in the apparent injustice, and yet the inevitableness of it all, that its tragedy lies. The writer has the power of commanding our sympathy at almost every point. We feel the charm of the maiden in her grey *kimono*, waiting outside the sunny Japanese garden with its plum-blossom fragrance, and we share the Englishman's repugnance at the sight of his wife in barbarian finery posturing in her fantastic dance. The natural ending would be in gloom, but the writer is wise to lighten his tragedy a little and let his hero and his reader say a peaceful if pathetic farewell to the lovely but ill-starred Sara-San.

TREWINNOT OF GUY'S. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Long.)

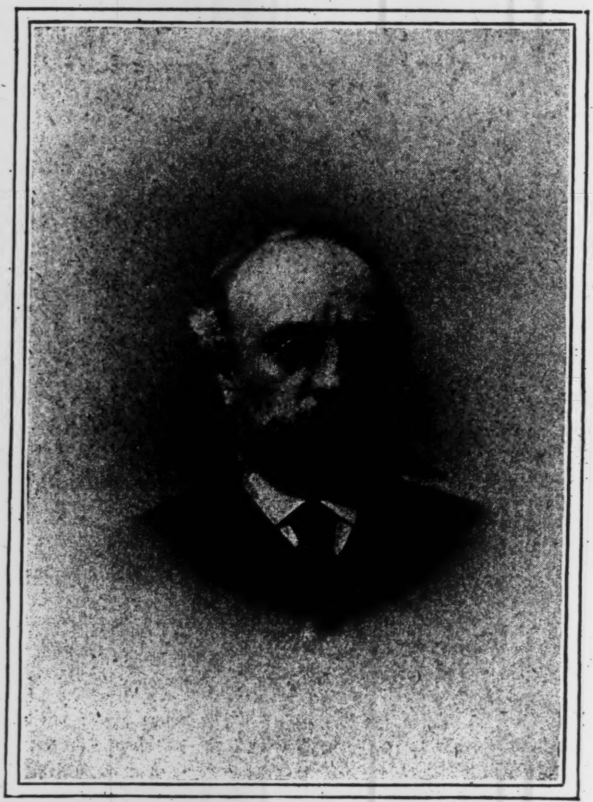
Mrs. Coulson Kernahan is nothing if she is not a realist. She evidently proposes to photograph with inflexible accuracy what she sees, and in this story she turns her camera upon a phase of life where fresh effects are still to be found. The grotesquely pitiful shifts to which a penniless medical student may be reduced are little suspected by those to whom a "threepenny foreign" does not appear an unattainable—or very desirable—luxury, and his system of transactions with the pawnbroker becomes a complicated question in "Permutations and Combinations." Trewinnot's faculty for seeing the humorous aspect of his own situation wins our sympathy at once, and we are genuinely pleased when he begins to climb the steps out of his Slough of Despond. We should have enjoyed seeing him develop into a world-famed Professor of Medicine, and at the very least we should have liked him to marry his faithful Sadie. But when a girl finds herself in a thieves' den with no way out but a window opening on the river, and when Romance is out of fashion and Realism rules the road, then perhaps there is only one thing left for her to do. And what can a faithful lover do but follow? It is all very disappointing and very unnecessary; but the writer must keep up her character and be realistic to the chill and bitter end.

FIGHTING FOR FAVOUR. By W. G. Tarbet. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

"And so having quoted guid authority for my story I leave it to whaever may read, and wish them less bother in the reading than in the writing o't." Thus the preface, with a fair taste of the dialect. For our part we have had no bother at all in the reading o't. It is a right good story in the old romantic vein of fair fighting and true loving. The fighting is better than the loving, for Rose was a trifle over-saucy at the first for a modest maiden, and had no right afterwards to trick her lover with her tears. Simon Carter, her father, is a strong figure. He was a Scot of the Scots and a Fifer to boot—a man with a long eye to the siller, but a warm heart to kith and kin. The writer did well to place him in Anster (surely Simon Carter never said "Anstruther"!). There are half a dozen villages along that coast waiting for the pen of an adventurous scribe. For the rest, it is surprising how much honest skull-cracking we can enjoy when we put our civilization in our pockets and sally into mediævalism with the natural man. Let but the meekest begin this book (at the third chapter), and if at the end his latent fighting spirit be not roused into rampant energy, it will not be for lack of a rollicking example.

ALL THEY WENT THROUGH. By F. W. Robinson. (John Long.)

"All They Went Through" is not a continuous history of a couple of harassed human creatures, but incidents in the lives of a great many and most various couples. For briskness of narrative, for workmanlike technique, for light humour and the qualities that are usually classed as entertaining, it is superior to any book of the kind that has been offered to us lately. Its reach may not be very far, but it never misses its aim. Mr. Robinson has, of course, proved his powers before now, and in longer efforts, but he has never showed himself more vigorous. "An Early Fling," the adventures of two school-boy scamps at the Derby, and "The First Mrs. Wareham," a very reticent and a very real bit of tragedy, are both in their very different ways excellent. But he is always best in comedy, and the gem of the collection seems to us the story of the air-ball seller's wild orgy at the auction in "A Free Lunch." "All They Went Through" is the most capable book of short stories we have come across for many a month.



From Photo by] MR. F. W. ROBINSON. [*H. S. Robinson.*

BIJLI THE DANCER. By J. B. Patton. 6s. (Methuen.)

In many ways this is a remarkable book. Its story wanders too far from our familiar home paths, perhaps, to be very popular, for it is an Indian tale, told, as it were, for Indians, with no direct appeal to Western feeling. The characters are swayed by passions common to our human nature, but their attitudes, temperaments, expressions, are all remote and strange. Besides, there is no question that Mr. Patton's narrative is rather monotonous. Too much of the drama is related through the mouths of the personages; too little of it we are allowed to see as eye-witnesses. But the book has great merits. It is a story of genuine passion, and the haughty love of the great Pathan lord for the beautiful dancer cannot leave us cold. In all its stages it is dignified and impressive. Mr. Patton writes well, too, and only in her very best Indian stories does Mrs. Steel surpass him.

THE REV. ANNABEL LEE. A Tale of To-morrow. By Robert Buchanan. 6s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

It was the twenty-first century. Mankind had been very busy developing itself and making itself comfortable. Overwork had been chased away with smoke and ugliness. Complexions had enormously improved, and the gross habit of eating meals more than once a week was a thing of a dark past. Pain had all but disappeared, and Humour, that other disease of suffering humanity, had been eliminated with complete success. It was then the Rev. Annabel Lee found her chance of making a sensation. She was young and divinely fair; genius gushed through her veins; and the learning of all the ages was wrought into all her fibres. In the natural development of things the function of preaching had devolved mainly on the women—oh, Mr. Buchanan, what a bitter gibe!—so the reverend lady had no difficulty in finding a congregation and founding a sect. She stirred up terribly reactionary feelings in her followers, who became quite rowdy in their determination to get back to the old home-like ways of misery, where one might be a cripple, or a drunkard, or an ignoramus in comfortable safety, and where it was not penal to drink the opiate that gave one dreams of a happy life beyond the grave, so much better than staring perfection in the present. The climax is reached when the Fathers of the State—egged on by a fanatical perfectionist who is a lover of Annabel—bring to trial the fair priestess and the weakly genius Uriel, saved from an early death because of his gift of music. They are charged with the awful crime of endangering the future health of humanity. Uriel is the first martyr; and as martyrs' blood is enriching to the poorest sect we may be sure the twenty-first century hastened back with celerity to the level of ours. At one point we hope for a different development. When Annabel cries out, "If you knew how the gladness of mankind *tires* me!" we think her boredom may bring about some resurrection of humour. But, no, her frivolous mood is momentary. She chooses the sublimer and the less amusing part, and Mr. Buchanan's language has to follow suit.

FORTUNE'S GATE. By Alan St. Aubyn. 6s. (Chatto.)

This is a very amiable book. Some readers may perhaps even find it inspiring. It is also quite unreal and entirely superficial. Mr., or is it not rather Miss, St. Aubyn has an intimate acquaintance with the outside of Cambridge life, and can use college slang with correctness. Perhaps her offences are not so much against Cambridge realities as against the general realities of human nature, though the picture given in "Fortune's Gate" of the miserable life of poor students, and especially of poor women students, is ridiculously overdrawn. The attitude of the writer towards the weak and wicked personages is very hopeful. With that we have no quarrel. But there is not much comfort to be drawn from hopefulness which outrages possibilities. When Peggy O'Neill, the beauty, an incorrigible flirt, and a very mean kind of flirt, too, who robs poor men's purses as well as their hearts, turns into the devoted nurse, the inspirer to high ideals, we are not made happy but only cynical. The weak young fool subject to delirium tremens, who becomes the wonder-working missionary of the slums, we may accept; but Peggy's transformation is too much. Tinsel is tinsel to the end, pretty for trimmings and quite useless for the mint. The tone of the book is gentle, refined, and enervating. "Fortune's Gate" will, we are sure, be very differently judged. It will be called religious; it will be called frivolous.

SECOND LIEUTENANT CELIA. By L. C. Davidson. 3s. 6d. (Bliss, Sands and Co.)

We should describe this as an excellent book for young girls were we not afraid of appearing to encourage such freaks as the shearing of feminine looks and the masquerading in boy's attire. Second Lieutenant Celia is graced with a simplicity and innocence which higher education and the circulating library have, alas, rendered impossible to any girl of nineteen outside of a story-book, but she is delightfully refreshing to read about and to look at in the illustrations. She was a charming little person, and Miss Davidson has written pleasantly about her in a book which we do not recommend to the cynically disposed, but which will please simple-minded people.

ACROSS THE SALT SEAS. By John Bloundelle-Burton. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has taken a front place among the writers of stirring romance. "Across the Salt Seas" is as good as anything he has yet done. The plot is thoroughly exciting and skilfully worked out, and the characters are well realised; there is plenty of fighting; there are hair-breadth escapes innumerable, and withal a happy ending. What more would you have? Well, as a special and extra inducement we may say that the story is laid in Spain, so you may read "Across the Salt Seas" as a kind of antidote to the daily papers.

From Photo by] [*Mendelssohn.*
MR. JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

YOUNG BLOOD. By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (Cassell.)

There is not so much "young blood" in the story as we should like. Harry Ringrose, the hero, stands the blows of fate rather phlegmatically on the whole, and is a good deal more tolerant of low principles and shady transactions than high-spirited youths are apt to be. His part in the story is not of much account, nor is that of his lady-love. Neither can we take much interest in his father, who disappeared into space in the wake of financial ruin and dishonour, and who re-appeared after many years without a stain upon his character. These are but foils to the fascinating Gordon Lowndes. It is very much to the credit of Mr. Hornung that he took the pains to develop this extraordinary character in the pages of a book which without this attraction would have amply contented the public. It might have been a very ordinary, very readable tale of vicissitudes, with the desired happy ending. He has not made "Young Blood" more popular by the introduction of Lowndes; but he has raised it from the level of a common story-book to an important novel of character. Whether Lowndes be entirely realised or not does not much matter. The conception of him is already a distinction. He is an adventurer of genius, but not built on the usual lines. He is always doing the unexpected thing, and living in the unexpected way; his good luck and his ill luck are as impossible to foresee as his character is difficult to define. He is a villain, of course, but not a bit of an egoist. He is tremendously interested in other people's affairs, and genuinely serviceable. And his vitality is inexhaustible. We leave him scheming a composite daily paper on absolutely new lines—"to knock out the *Times* and the *Guardian* on the one hand, and *Punch* and the *Pink 'Un* on the other"—leave him, not without a stain upon his character, but with considerable regret in our minds.

THE LUST OF HATE. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Guy Boothby ought never to have brought Dr. Nikola to London. We feel that his methods are altogether too crudely exotic for Park Lane. Still, whenever that really wonderful man puts in an appearance there is sure to be plenty of exciting work afoot, and if anyone can put down "The Lust of Hate" before he has reached the last page he must indeed be an outrageously *blasé* reader. Some day we shall meet the Doctor again in his own country of mystery; in the meantime we are only too pleased to learn that he is still in the land of the living, and even more active than in Thibet. But where, oh where is the cat?

HIS GRACE O' THE GUNNE. By I. Hooper. 5s. (Black.)

The hero, who tells his own story, introduces himself naively at the very outset. "For I was by trade a thief," he says, "and very high in my calling, being clever and having gentle blood." He could hardly help being a thief, brought up as he was, at the "Gunne," a haunt of London evil-doers in the seventeenth century, but he was a noble fellow notwithstanding, and deserved his honourable nickname for better reasons than his fine manners. His own name—a quaint and pleasant one enough—was Lurlin Kirke, and his adventures were many and exciting. We have enjoyed reading of them, and recommend the book to such as can be happy without psychological subtleties, and do not shrink from the society of "kynchers." The thieves' slang need alarm nobody; it is all over in the first half-dozen pages.

CARPET COURTSHIP. By Thomas Cobb. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

This is an excellent piece of comedy, which would have read even better as a series of dialogues. As it is, the story of Mr. Murchison's very involved love affair is very pleasantly and brightly told, and though the complications are at times rather too bewildering, it is never for an instant dull or lifeless. The conversations are distinctly smart, and remind one strongly now and again of Mr. Anthony Hope's earlier work. We do not remember the author's name on any previous volume, and if this is a first venture it is certainly one of decided promise. We shall look forward to reading a more ambitious book from the same pen.

A WOMAN WORTH WINNING. By G. Manville Fenn. 6s. (Chatto.)

This is a cleverly constructed and interesting story. The situations, familiar in themselves, are skilfully combined and developed. Unexpected incidents stimulate the reader's interest, and the old-fashioned but effective device of closing the chapter just at the critical moment fillips his curiosity. The plot is frankly sensational, and revolvers and strait-waistcoats are well in evidence, but the healthy tone is not sacrificed. The characters are certainly pugnacious—unusually so for people of their social habit, but we can tolerate honest fisticuffs better than morbid feeling. As for the heroine, she is all that the title claims for her. In her the writer has given us a specimen of the best type of moden womanhood—brave, wholesome, and warm-hearted—and a trifle of fire takes nothing from her attractiveness. Altogether "A Woman Worth Winning" makes a book worth reading.

HUMPHRY. By E. Mendham. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is a piquancy in the opening of this story which quickly becomes a fascination. It approaches us from a new direction. It has no plot; it introduces no love affair; but the mere name of Miss Remembrance Pettipher (a name which suggests rose leaves in china vases and lavender-scented linen presses) is a guarantee against the commonplace. But when we begin to realise that Humphry Stoly, the grey-haired serving man, is no other than Eblis himself, come to dree a sorrowful weird beside the hidden Treasure; and when he trifles among the bucolics with his uncanny powers, raising strange tales of witchcraft and magic; then the situation becomes, as we have said, piquant, and we are sadly tempted to turn over to the last chapter for the inevitable explanation. But nothing is explained; and the "tradition," to quote the title-page, ends—we might almost say, disappears—as indistinctly as it began. It leaves us unenlightened, but not displeased, for there is a quaint old world charm in its manner which saves it from grotesquery; or perhaps it is the witchery of the Shining Fern which draws us on, without haste or excitement, yet with steady interest, from cover to cover of the book.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

WESTERN CIVILISATION in its Economic Aspects. (Ancient Times.) By W. Cunningham. Cambridge Historical Series. 4s. 6d. (Cambridge Press.)

We have read through this manual with ever-increasing admiration for the skill and thoroughness with which Dr. Cunningham has discussed a very difficult and a very little considered subject. It is useful now and again to regard the ancient worlds of Egypt, Phœnicia, Palestine, Greece and Rome not merely as shaping our thought, inspiring our religion, and providing models for our art, but as originators and contributors to the industrial systems that have ruled in later Europe. The history of trade is the history of international intercourse in ideas as well as in material goods. The economic aspects of the ancient civilisations have not been widely studied; still less frequently have they been compared; and such comparison is the special task that Dr. Cunningham has set himself to perform. His space is too narrow for the subject, we hold, but he has given detail enough to enable us to follow the course of his frequently bold inferences. Of course, in a work that is not concerned with the humanist elements in civilisation, the reader must not expect these elements to be treated as sacro-sanct. Nor must he be shocked at the business-like way in which Dr. Cunningham weighs the artistic glories inspired by Pericles with the undertakings of the Phœnicians, and finds the latter the better national investment—though he may hold that the historian exaggerates hugely the drain on the resources of Athens made by the raising and the maintenance of the great buildings. In every other direction he must win our admiration. The balance between the ancient states, with regard to their originality, their influence, and their persistence in commercial matters, and their power of adapting and developing their predecessors' and their neighbours' economic methods, could not be more nicely held. Let us hope that the modern section of the subject will be entrusted to the same able hands.

STORIES FROM DANTE. By Norley Chester. 3s. 6d. (Warne and Co.)

We have nothing but praise for this admirable little book. It is exactly what is needed to introduce children to the marvellous poem which to many is the most fascinating and most inexhaustible work in literature. The Divine Comedy cannot be fully appreciated at a first reading even by a mature mind; its richness reveals itself gradually. This book offers nothing more than a first peep into its treasure-house, but that peep ought to attract many to explore beyond the vestibule. The style is exquisitely simple, but admirably clear. The salient points are brought out with unfailing skill and with that picturesque realism which appeals to children. Occasionally it is necessary to explain an allegory; it is done with directness and brevity. Occasionally an opportunity offers of drawing a moral; it is done with unaffected simplicity and grace. Of course there are a thousand omissions, but in that lies the excellence of the book for its purpose. The child's imagination is not teased and confused by suggestions of things which are not to be explained. All that is told is told fully and clearly; the rest is left untouched. The writer knows Dante and knows children, and has faithfully interpreted the poet as reflected in the mirror of childhood.

THE FREE-TRADE MOVEMENT and its Results. By G. Armitage-Smith. The Victorian Era Series. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)

"The subject has a perennial interest, and there is room for a re-statement both of the historical facts and of the arguments," says Mr. Armitage-Smith in justification of his little work. The historical facts and the arguments have been disseminated very widely and satisfactorily by the Cobden Club and other political agencies. But as no one publication on the subject has become a standard book for popular reference, the way is open for the present one. As a means of "getting-up" the question quickly, or as a collection of answers to Protectionist posers, it would be difficult to improve on this intelligent, clear, and orderly little book. One or two of its sections strike us as particularly good, the criticism, for instance, of Mill's modified defence of Protection for young countries, and also the chapter on "Why Free-trade is not adopted in other Countries." The brief treatise is well up to date, and discusses, therefore, in its chapter on Imperial Federation, the commercial union between Great Britain and her Colonies, so much to be desired and so far from attainment.

THE FRANKS. From their Origin as a Confederacy to the Establishment of the Kingdom of France and the German Empire. By Lewis Sergeant. Story of the Nations Series. 5s. (Unwin.)

To the clearing up of a difficult and important chapter of the history of Europe, Mr. Sergeant has brought just the requisite qualities—industry, coolness, and the determination to be definite. In most people's minds the period of the Frankish conquests and power in Gaul, and of the Empire of Charles the Great, is a confusion of legend and vague fact, the legend being uppermost. The unrest, the confusion of the early times, the overpowering and myth-creating atmosphere of the days of Charlemagne, have hindered all save a few industrious specialists from forming clear and consecutive pictures of a great and formative time and people. Mr. Sergeant has lopped off legend, cleared away ignorant inference, and presented a most workmanlike, lucid, and interesting whole. The extent to which the feudal system was indebted to them is indicated with careful moderation. Even now we know little of the origin of these strong and capable tribes, save that they were Teutons. This book makes a very slight contribution to the subject, but its highest merit lies in its clear exposition of the persistent attacks, the ignored defeats, the readiness to learn from the discipline of Rome, the adoption of the enemy's best methods, which marked the progress of the Franks, and ended after the close of the Western Roman Empire in the mastery of Gaul and in the growth of the new Empire of Charlemagne. Some idea, too, is given of the limits of the Teuton power—its failure, with all its grit, its obstinate force, and its penetrating intelligence, to weld the conquered Gauls to its own mental shape. But the Franks were, unlike many conquerors, practically uninfluenced themselves. When, "by natural and inevitable gravitation, they practically reverted as a nation to their ancestral seats," they were still Germanic in every essential.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF DR. G. BIRKBECK HILL'S JOHNSONIAN EDITIONS. By Percy Fitzgerald. 5s. (Bliss, Sands.)

Mr. Fitzgerald pursues Dr. Birkbeck Hill relentlessly through eighty-six closely printed pages, to prove that his edition of Johnson has won an undeserved reputation, and that it is full of egregious blunders. Only very serious mistakes on Dr. Hill's part could justify the continued battery from his critic's heavy artillery. Mr. Fitzgerald has proved the existence of a large number of slips, of doubtful inferences, of shaky reasonings; but of errors that would harmfully mislead the student of Johnson, hardly one. Of course a method of investigation, where every syllable of a not very exact writer is scanned, every expression of opinion glared at through the glass of ridicule, must end in undermining the credit of an editor—who has been too prolific in his notes—with pedants, and with those who have forgotten what are Dr. Hill's substantial services in the field. A critical article was probably wanted. It might have given samples of mistakes in detail, and it might have stated real objections to the style of editing in the Clarendon Press edition. Dr. Hill is much too garrulous; far too fond of making mountains out of mole-hills; of using up all his gathered matter, relevant or not. His comments are often niggling and unnecessary. But we do not need Mr. Fitzgerald to point these things out, and emphasise them with a sledge-hammer. We note them, and pass on, with a smile, or a frown of irritation, according to our humour, to the solider aids that Dr. Hill has given us in the elucidation of the life and times of Johnson. A list of serious errata with references to the pages, and a few comments on the occasionally undignified tone and the irrelevance of some of the notes, would have been accepted gratefully from so good a Johnson scholar as Mr. Fitzgerald. For what he has done beyond that he falls under much of his own condemnation; and his niggling annotations are not even good-natured.

ANOTHER SHEAF. By R. Warwick Bond. 2s. 6d. (E. Mathews.)

When a poet writes twenty pages of preface to less than a score of short poems, he deserves the severest of treatment. Mr. Bond owns the enormity and apologises. But an apology, we felt, could not wash out such offence, and we tackled the prose in grimmest mood—to find that it was an admirable and most timely essay. Briefly, its matter is as follows: The public cares nothing for poetry nowadays, though it occasionally patronises poetic eccentricities. Thus the reputation and encouragement of poets is left to the critics. But the public is the proper judge in a healthy condition of things. Poetry that has an audience of critics will be apt to concern itself mainly with form, or will strive for noisy effect at the expense of worthy qualities. Poetry is degraded, for poets are not the remote dwellers in the stars they are sometimes held to be, but eminently sensitive to influences, bad as well as good. Now the heart of the public wants poetry whether it knows it or not, and yet it is making the satisfaction of the want harder every day. Perhaps a worldling here and there may listen, and order his life so that he may house sometimes for an hour or two the long-neglected guest.

As for Mr. Bond's poems, they are generally dignified, cultivated, and pleasing. One or two are mere trifles, one or two we have found dull; but "A Child's Eyes" and the "Swan Song," written for Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," are evidence of a sensitive and gentle mind with a skilled ear and a sweet voice in its service.

ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF CHRIST; or, The Doctrine of the Second Adam. By David Somerville, M.A., Minister of Roseburn Free Church, Edinburgh. 9s. (T. and T. Clark.)

The subject chosen by Mr. Somerville for the sixteenth series of Cunningham Lectures is evidently one which has for some considerable time occupied his attention. There is in this volume nothing suggestive of lectures made to order. The subject itself is one which none but a severe and trained theologian would have chosen. And the treatment is worthy of the theme. To anyone who has been over the ground and knows something of its pitfalls, something of its difficulties, the easy skill of the lecturer will be apparent. The literature of the subject, large as it is, has been mastered, and the best methods of investigation are adopted. Conciliatory and cautious as Mr. Somerville shows himself, there is evidence on every page of a thoroughly independent research and judgment. Neither in English nor in German is there any treatment of the Pauline Christology so competent or so satisfactory. In the notes appended to the volume some excellent criticisms on recent theology will be found.

THE OLD ROME AND THE NEW, and Other Studies. By W. J. Stillman. 5s. (Grant Richards.)

We cannot in one word sum up the interests of this book of essays, but one of their chief attractions is certainly the reminiscence element in them. Mr. Stillman has intimately known the artistic and literary circles of America and England for more than a generation, and he has much to tell not only of art history but of his intercourse with the artists themselves. One of the most generally interesting papers is "The Philosopher's Camp," a description of the retreat into the wilderness of some very eminent Americans, including Lowell, Emerson, and Agassiz. The camp was in the Adirondacks, then a more unbroken solitude than now. They hunted for their food; the perils from wild animals and from losing the track were real, and society and civilisation existed not save in the campers' own high converse. Emerson as the desperately ambitious sportsman—he who came into the wilds despising such as wished to kill things—is a delightful picture. There is only one blot on it all, the bitter sneers at Walden, "where isolation kept within the sound of a dinner-horn," and at Thoreau's "pinchbeck royalty, with a lunch-basket from his father's farm hardly hidden behind his throne." Perhaps Thoreau was in no danger of eating or being eaten by wild animals, but the value to us of such retreats as his and Mr. Stillman's friends is the world's share of them. And "Walden" is of more value after all than Emerson's "Adirondacks"—though, of course, Emerson was the greater man by far. In "Some of Lowell's Letters" there is more interesting reminiscence, and again there are notable personal recollections in the essay on Ruskin, which brings us to the main and critical purpose of the book. Mr. Stillman long ago emancipated himself from Ruskin's teachings on art—never from his veneration for the man and moralist—and so much impressed is he by the mischief they did, and still do, that he is very hot and eager on the other side. That is quite right. Ruskin was maiming the vision of his disciples while he was proving the glorious worth of eyesight for art's sake. All the niggling and the stippling and the literal truth of translation he advocated were grotesquely wrong. But Mr. Stillman talks sheer nonsense in expounding his own theories. We are with him in his aims. Ideal art by all means. Clever realism is but a little thing after all. But the ideal is expressed in terms of the actual, and knowledge is power here as elsewhere. At your peril know anatomy, says he. At your peril be ignorant and slipshod as he advises, say we. The Greeks may have idealised the human frame, but that they did it after the profoundest and day by day study of human bodies we still insist on believing. He is more usefully employed in proving how Ruskin was better than his words in his admiration for Turner, whose practice contradicted all his pedagogic utterances of how a picture should be painted.

THE BIBLE TRUE FROM THE BEGINNING. By Edward Gough, B.A., (Lond.), Congregational Minister, Barrowford. Vol. VI. 16s. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.)

There is something irresistibly pathetic in the spectacle of a learned man issuing a work in eight large volumes to illustrate a theory which will certainly not find acceptance by any mind but the author's. Mr. Gough believes that to adopt the literal interpretation of scripture, and to believe in the historical truth of the narrative, leads directly to rationalism, and conflicts with nature's best established laws, and with the most indisputable facts of history. He therefore follows the allegorical method, and has invented for himself a system upon which he interprets scripture to his own satisfaction. To most people his system will seem to eviscerate scripture and leave a contemptible husk. At the same time it should in fairness be said that Mr. Gough's wide reading has enabled him to bring together a large amount of material which is helpful to the understanding of the Gospels.

THROUGH CHINA WITH A CAMERA. By John Thomson, F.R.G.S. 21s. net. (Constable.)

This book contains by far the finest collection of photographs of Oriental life and scenery we have ever seen. The camera accompanied Mr. Thomson in all his travels, and the account of the difficulties under which many of his wonderful pictures were taken is not the least interesting part of his narrative. Now that the Chinese question is so much to the fore there are many who wish to obtain some really reliable information regarding a strange country and a strange people. "Through China with a Camera" is the best book we know of for the purpose.

SOME WELSH CHILDREN. By the author of "Fraternity." 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

We have found a singular and indefinable charm in this little volume of recollections. A tender pathos and a quaint humour, an unaffected grace of language and a fine simplicity of feeling, are visible on every page, mellowed and softened by a spirit of happy reminiscence. It is unpretentious and natural, and, for that very reason, the more delightful. No sign of effort mars its restful effect; no imperative demand is made upon the reader's laughter or tears, yet he will, without knowing it, smile in the reading of the book and sigh in the laying of it down. It would be useless to quote extracts. The charm of the book lies in its flavour as a whole. But let anyone to whom the memories of childhood are still pleasant snatch a few quiet minutes to dip into these pages, and he cannot fail to find pleasure and refreshment.

THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNGS. Metrically translated from the old German Text by Alice Horton, and edited by Edward Bell. 5s. (Bell.)

There was room for another English verse translation of the famous lay. The story of the Nibelungs may be read in a very pleasurable form in Miss Armour's recent prose version. But metre, we think, is essential for rendering the spirit of the poem. Miss Horton maintains a more constant level of correctness than Mr. Foster-Barham did in his creditable rendering, and is quite as energetic. But to our mind the equal of Simrock's modern German version has not yet appeared in English. In this latest translation much of the vigour and some of the picturesqueness survive, but the poetic qualities and even the rough literary qualities of the original have hardly been reflected.

> "There grew up in Burgundia   a very noble maid,
> No fairer face than hers was   in all the lands, they said;
> Kriemhilda was the maid's name—   a lovely woman she—
> For whose sake many a warrior   lost his life gallantly."

This—a fair specimen—gives the rhythm fairly well, but none of the antique charm. Miss Horton has written one more version to be read for curiosity merely, or as an aid to the study of old German. Recent researches have not brought forth much fresh light on the Nibelunglied; and the editor has limited himself to naming the best authorities and to reprinting Carlyle's essay on the subject.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the* 15*th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. H. W.—There are some good ideas here—better than in the others. The first is spirited. In the second, curiously, the short lines are all good, and the long all poor. The third is simple and pleasant. The last two seem to reveal very distinctly their source of inspiration. But you are right, as a learner, to choose good models.

A. M. B.—A taking little story. You ought not to have much difficulty in getting it accepted. Try some of the monthly magazines that print short stories.

BINOCULAR.—The circumstances under which the verses appeared quite explain their popularity, for they are smart, and would doubtless amuse football players. But their interest is purely local, and they can scarcely be ranked as literature.

E. A. S.—Very amateurish. The "plot" will not bear examination. Any ordinary man would have made inquiries about his letter at the address to which he sent it. And why did the little lady say "your sister"? When a lady and gentleman are cycling together they are not invariably brother and sister. And why leave everybody so unhappy? Do not describe a garden path as "dishevelled." You write easily and naturally, but you must try to keep within the probabilities.

ELLIS HARDIX.—A fairly good story. It would bear a little cutting down here and there, but on the whole is very much in the style of the popular sensational tale of camp life. The difficulty is that it is too long for a magazine to print in one number, and it does not bear division very well. This might be improved with revision.

J. M.—Your verses are difficult to characterise, but I think you describe your efforts very accurately in your own words in sonnet No. 2. Some of your lines are very good indeed, and you have a good ear and some poetical feeling. But on the other hand there are many crudities of expression, and, in the last lyric, many errors in rhythm. In serious poetry such a colloquialism as you use in line 6 of your first sonnet is unpardonable. The subject, too, is unpoetical and unworthy. Still, there is promise in your work. Try again.

J. R.—This is very good indeed. There is a demand among religious magazines for just such work as yours. The vein, I think, is fresh, and is decidedly worth working. Your narrative style is bright and your pathos true. You should write more stories on similar lines.

J. W. F.—It is not easy to judge from such fragments. You have imagination, some descriptive power, but your imagery is often strained and occasionally absurd. Such faults could, of course, be corrected on revision. You should have sent an outline of the plot, from which it might be possible to judge of the probable value of the novel as a whole.

MARTHY DALE.—Yes, it is easy to see why your others were accepted and not this. You write pleasingly, and with suitable subjects will produce readable stories. But this subject is utterly unsuitable. It is too vast and too terrible for a touch so light as yours. All that you offer the reader is the chill of a disappointment.

SARWELL (Jamaica).—To be quite frank, I am afraid that "the periodical that would use" your verses is *not* "likely to be published yet." The incident you describe would make a capital ballad subject. Your form of verse does not suit it. Besides that, you utterly disregard rhythm, and your language is often incorrect and sometimes unintelligible.

SHIELDS.—Your little girl's stories are really marvellous. Her command of language is extraordinary, as well as her power of carrying on a continuous narrative. I am glad she is "uneducated," and glad that she is the child of a medical man, who will know how to prevent her mental activity from injuring her health. I should like to hear how her talent develops.

TENTATIVE.—I am afraid I cannot gratify you by hitting hard. The poems are among the best I have come across. I should advise you to send them to some magazine if I did not know that you would only make the editor hate you. Still, they are worth the risk.

T. W.—I can easily fancy it was a relief to your feelings to write this. But if you wish to attempt literature seriously, try to express yourself more simply and directly.

WASSELLAS.—If you had told me whether you are a *very* little girl or not, I should have known better what to say to you. The little story is very neatly and correctly written out, but it is not exactly a clever or very wise one. Still, your moral is quite right. Maidens should not go away, even to a palace, with any strange person who asks them, however handsome he may be.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BALL, Rev. C. J.—Aids to the Student of the Holy Bible, 5/-....Eyre
CARUS, Dr. P.—Buddhism and its Christian Critics, 6/6.. Kegan Paul
CHADWICK, Right Rev. G. A.—Pilate's Gift, and other Sermons, 5/- Religious Tract Society
CHURTON, Dr. E. T.—The Sanctuary of Missions, 4/6......Longmans
COLLINS, W. E.—The English Reformation and its Consequences, 4/- S.P.C.K.
DOANE, W. C.—The Manifestations of the Risen Jesus, 1/6. Frowde
FLYNN, J. S.—Studies on the Second Advent, 3/6..............Stock
GRAHAM, Rev. J. A.—The Missionary Expansion of the Reformed Church, 1/6..........................A. and C. Black
[*Mr. Graham has a vast subject to deal with and skilfully condenses his narrative. Several useful maps and interesting portraits are given.*]
HORTON, Dr. R. F.—Brief Sermons for Busy Men, 1/- and 1/6 Nisbet
HICKOX, S. E.—The Way of Salvation, 2/6..................Baker
HOW, W. W.—The Closed Door, 5/-........................Gardner
[*Quiet religious meditations, specially appropriate to Lent and the services of Retreats and Quiet Days. According to the wish of the author, the late Bishop of Wakefield, they are now published by his son.*]
JOHNSTON, Rev. R. E.—The Method of S. Sulpice for use in Sunday Schools, 2/6.............................Griffith, Farran
JOWETT, J. H.—From Strength to Strength, 1/6...............Hodder
ILLINGWORTH, J. R.—Divine Immanence, 7/6............ Macmillan
LIDDON, Rev. H. P.—Sermons on Some Words of St. Paul, 5/- Longmans
MALLOCK, W. H.—Aristocracy and Evolution, 12/6......A. C. Black
PARKER, Dr. J.—Studies in Texts, 3/6..................H. Marshall
[*These "Studies"—the overmatter, we are told in the preface, from "The People's Bible"—are to extend to six volumes, of which this is the first. In an interesting retrospective foreword Dr. Parker gives us many reminiscences of his early days as a preacher. The sermons themselves are in his well-known style, and no preacher will read them in vain, for they are brimming over with helpful suggestions.*]
PARKER, Dr. J.—Regenerated London. 3d. ....Bowden
[*A handy and convenient edition of Dr. Parker's powerful plea for a new and better London.*]
PAUL, A.—Latter Day Light on the Apocalypse, 12/-........Simpkin
Sanctus Bell, The—Edited by Nathaniel Keymer, 3/6.......Mowbray
SANGSTER, M. E.—Life on High Levels: Familiar Talks on the Conduct of Life, 2/6..............................Kelly
SKINNER, Rev. Dr. J.—The Cambridge Bible—Isaiah, Chapters xl. to lxvi., 4/-...............Cambridge University Press
[*The introduction is able and scholarly, and the other auxiliary matter useful and complete.*]
SOWTER, Rev. G. A.—The King's Own, 3/-..................Nisbet
SPENCE, Rev. H. D. M.—The Church of England, vol. 3: The English Reformation, 6/-..............................Cassell
SPURGEON, C. H.—The Messiah, 7/-.....................Passmore
STALEY, Rev. V.—Thoughts on the Church, 1/6............Hibberd
[*A series of short papers on such subjects as the Apostolical Succession and the Authority of the Church, treated from the point of view of extreme sacerdotalism.*]
STEWART, D. D.—A Summary of the Psalms, 1/6. ....Stock
The Holy Bible (Eversley), vol vii.: Matthew to John, 5/-..Macmillan
TROTTER, T. L.—Parables of the Cross, 3/6..........Marshall Bros.
WATSON, Dr. G.—Companions of the Sorrowful Way, 2/6....Hodder
WENLEY, R. M.—The Preparation for Christianity in the Ancient World, 1/6.............................A. & C. Black
[*One of the most valuable volumes in the Guild Library Series. Dr. Wenley has admirable chapters on Greek Self-Criticism and the Mission of the Jews.*]
WILBERFORCE, Canon.—Sermons, 5/-.........................Stock
[*A valuable addition to our sermon literature. The author deals with the problems of religion in a frank and helpful manner.*]
WILSON, L. A.—Gems from the Morning Watch, 2/6 Marshall Bros.

NEW EDITIONS.

ANDREWES, L.—Seventeen Sermons on the Nativity, 1/- Griffith, Farran, Browne & Co.
Confessions of St. Augustine, 1/-......................Griffith, Farran
Confessions of St. Augustine, newly translated, with Notes and Introduction by C. Bigg, D.D., 2/-..................Methuen
[*The publishers' claim that no such attractive edition has been offered to the public is well grounded. The little book is charmingly got up. Mr. Housman's title-page and cover are quaint and suitable. Dr. Bigg's introduction is an able review of the Saint's spiritual history. This "Library of Devotion" ought to prove a valuable as well as a beautiful addition to any library.*]
FARRAR, Dean.—The Early Days of Christianity (*Quiver* edition), 1/6 Cassell
[*A marvellously cheap edition.*]
FARRAR, Rev. F. W.—The Life and Work of St. Paul, 7/6....Cassell
LAW, W.—A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, 1/- Griffith, Farran, Browne & Co.
LAW, W.—Do., do. (Temple Classics), 1/6......................Dent
MULLER. Prof. F. MAX.—Natural Religion, 5/-............Longmans
[*The first of a new issue of Prof. Max Muller's works. This volume gives his Gifford Lectures of* 1888. *The form is neat and convenient, but the tone of the paper is trying to the eyes.*]
Pulpit Commentary, The, ed. by Dean Spence and Rev. J. S. Exell: Nahum-Malachi, 6/-; Matthew, 6/-.........Kegan Paul
ROBINSON, Rev. A.—A Study of the Saviour in the Newer Light, 7/6 Williams & Norgate
RYLE, J. C.—Expository Thoughts on the Gospels, 4 vols., 18/- Thynne
SCHOFIELD, A. T.—Memorials of R. Harold A. Schofield, late of the China Inland Mission, 1/6......................Hodder
SETH, J.—A Study of Ethical Principles, 7/6.............Blackwood
SMITH, W. C.—Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings, 2/6 Maclehose

SADLER, Rev. M. F.—The Revelation of St. John the Divine: The Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans; The Gospel according to St. John; The Gospel according to St. Luke; The Gospel according to St. Mark; The General Epistles of SS. James, Peter, John, and Jude; The Epistles of St. Paul to Titus, Philemon, and the Hebrews; The Acts of the Apostles; The Epistles of St. Paul to the Colossians, Thessalonians, and Timothy; The First and Second Epistles to the Corinthians; The Epistles of St. Paul to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Philippians; 4/6 each volume......Bell
Tertullian's Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries, by the Bishop of Bristol, 1/- Griffith, Farran, Browne & Co.
WEBSTER, Rev. F. S.—The Secret of Holiness, 6d.....Marshall Bros.

FICTION.

ALTSHELER, J. A.—A Soldier of Manhattan, 6/- ...... Smith, Elder
ALIEN.—Wheat in the Ear, 6/-......Hutchinson
ANDERSON, M.—In the Promised Land, 6/- ...... Downey
BIDDLE, A. J.—Shantytown Sketches, 3/- ...... Gay
BICKERDYKE, J.—Her Wild Oats, 6/- ......Burleigh
BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—Across the Salt Seas, 6/- ...... Methuen
[*See p.* 51.]
BOOTHBY, G.—The Lust of Hate, 5/- ...... Ward, Lock
[*See p.* 51.]
BODKIN, M. M.—A Stolen Life, 6/- ...... Ward, Lock
[*A most puzzling story. Apparently hypnotism and a knowledge of the arcana of chemistry may land us anywhere—even in an embarrassing exchange of personalities with other people. Mr. Bodkin introduces certain very serious questions, but we really cannot take his book seriously.*]
BOURNE, G.—A Year's Exile, 3/6......Lane
BRAZIER, M.—A Twofold Sin, 2/6......Digby
[*This book is solemnly and impressively funny. There is a terrible woman in it "like the pool we look down upon, its surface smooth, but when stirred gets thicker and yet thicker." Her affairs get "thick" enough for suicide before long, to the relief of her youthful husband, who escapes in the last chapter from all his self-sought troubles.*]
BRYANT, E. M.—Kittie Lonsdale and Some Rumsby Folk, 3/6 Kelly
[*A volume of pleasant little tales of Methodism in a Lincolnshire village. They are well worth reading.*]
BUCHANAN, R.—The Rev. Annabel Lee, 6/-...... Pearson
[*See p.* 50.]
BURGESS, J. J. H.—Tang: A Shetland Story, 6/- ...... Simpkin
BURGIN, G. B.—The Cattle Man, 6/-...... Grant Richards
[*See p.* 49.]
CAPES, B.—The Lake of Wine, 6/-...... Heinemann
CHURCHILL, W.—The Celebrity, 6/-......Macmillan
CLIFFORD, H.—Studies in Brown Humanity, 6/-......Richards
CONRAD, J.—Tales of Unrest, 6/-......Fisher Unwin
CONVERSE, F.—Diana Victrix, 5/- ......Gay
CRADDOCK, C. E.—The Young Mountaineers, 6/-......Gay
CRESWICK, PAUL.—Bruising Peg, 3/6...... Downey
CROCKETT, S. R.—The Standard Bearer, 6/- ...... Methuen
[*See p.* 47.]
CROUCH, A. P.—Senorita Montenar, 6/-......Smith, Elder
DAVIDSON, L. C.—Second Lieutenant Celia, 3/6......Bliss, Sands
[*See p.* 50.]
DAVIS, E. J.—His Little Bill of Sale, 3/6 ......Long
[*This is not a novel, it is a sum. And we have gone wrong, and given it up and cleaned our slate without understanding the working. But we looked up the answer at the end, and it came out all right for Mr. Tomkins, who will never, never have anything to do with money lenders again. Persons to whom the phrases "maturing of the loan" and "Sleimy's Try-on" are attractive will, we suppose, read the book with breathless interest. The other people will not grudge them their pleasure.*]
D'ARCY, E.—The Bishop's Dilemma, 3/6 ......Lane
DAWE, C.—A Bride of Japan, 6/-......Hutchinson
[*See p.* 49.]
EDEN, C. H.—Bunthorne, 3/6......Skeffington
EDWARDS, R. W. K.—The Mermaid of Inish Uig, 3/6 ...... Arnold
EGGLESTON, G. C.—Southern Soldier Stories, 6/- ...... Macmillan
ELIVAS, K.—John Ship, Mariner, 5/- ......Low
[*John Ship ran away from home to join the famous Captain Hawkins, and met with many and strange adventures—from the tortures of the Inquisition to treasure trove in the Faroe Isles—all of which he relates in the pious style of the superannuated desperado and the archaic language of the up-to-date romancist. It must have been very lively to live through; it is a little dull to read about. John got decidedly tedious in his old age.*]
ELLIS, E. S.—A Strange Craft, and its Wonderful Voyage, 2/6 Cassell
ESLER, Mrs. E. R.—Youth at the Prow......Long
[*These tales of lower middle-class life show conscientious work, but no special distinction of manner or matter.*]
FENN, GEO. MANVILLE.—A Woman Worth Winning, 6/-...Chatto
[*See p.* 51.]
FOLEY, C.—The Marquis of Valrose, trans. by Alys Hallard, 3/6 Pearson
[*A good translation of this well-known and attractive story of the times of the war of La Vendée.*]
FORBES-ROBERTSON, F.—The Potentate, 6/-......Constable
[*See p.* 48.]
FORD, P. L.—The Honourable Peter Stirling, 6/-......Hutchinson
[*See p.* 48.]
FOSTER, R. H.—The Hand of the Spoiler, 6/-......Gay
FOTHERGILL, C.—A Point of View, 3/6 ......Arrowsmith
[*This book is interesting enough to read, but it is not easy to see the purpose of it all. There is a good deal about the reclaiming of a drunkard who nevertheless is left apparently unreclaimed. Also it is difficult to see why the two people who are lovers till near the end did not marry one another at the beginning. Of course then there would have been no story. In the end couples form up anew, the good and happy people in front, and in the background a cheerless pair, who take one another as a consolation.*]
GRAHAM, W.—Meresia, 6/- ......Hurst
GRIFFITH, G.—The Virgin of the Sun, 6/-......Pearson
HAMILTON, K. W.—The Parson's Proxy, 3/6......Melrose
[*Contains capital pictures of American country life. The chapter on "A Kinder Weddin'" is good in other things besides dialect.*]
HARLAND, H.—Comedies and Errors, 6/-......Lane
HATTON, J.—The Vicar, 6/- ......Hutchinson
HICHENS, R.—The Londoners, 6/-......Heinemann
[*See p.* 49.]
HOLLAND, C.—An Egyptian Coquette, 2/6 ......C. Arthur Pearson
[*Where is the London editor who sent a member of his staff to Egypt to search for a spot which the young man had seen only in a dream, giving him* carte blanche *in the way of expenses? We should like to know him. What with hypnotism, papyri, and that editor the story has no lack of "ferlies."*
HORNUNG, E. W.—Young Blood, 6/-......Cassell
[*See p.* 51.]
JEPSON, E.—The Keepers of the People, 6/-......Pearson
KERNAHAN, Mrs. COULSON.—Trewinnot of Guy's, 6/-......Long
[*See p.* 49.]
KIRK, E. O.—The Revolt of a Daughter, 5/-......Gay
LANDER, H.—The Lucky Bargee, 3/6 ......Pearson
LE GALLIENNE R.—The Romance of Zion Chapel, 6/-......Lane
[*See p.* 43.]
LEMORE, C.—A Bondage Without Fetters, 1/- and 1/6 ......Stevens
LETTS, A.—The Angel Hermit, and Other Stories, 2/6 ....Simpkin
LINCOLN, J. G.—An Unwilling Maid, 5/-......Gay
MACQUOID, K. S.—The Story of Lois, 6/- ......Long
MARRYAT, F.—A Soul on Fire, 3/6......Bliss, Sands
[*The idea of the book is trivial and unworthy. The "fire" to which this "soul" was subjected was simply a process of discourteous snubbing by the other shades—disagreeable, doubtless, but a vulgar species of torment at the best.*]
MENDHAM, E.—Humphry, 6/- ......Hutchinson
[*See p.* 51.]
MITTON, G. E.—A Bachelor Girl in London, 6/- ......Hutchinson
MUDDOCK, J. E.—The Lost Laird, 6/- ......Digby
[*Deals with Highland life during the years that followed Culloden. Such stories as a rule must either be romantic and adventurous or dull and prosaic. Perhaps opinions will differ about this one. More probably they will not.*]
NISBET, H.—For Liberty, 3/6 ......White
O'GOWRIE, J.—Sprigs of White Heather, 6/- ......Clarke
OXENDEN, M.—A Reputation for a Song, 6/- ......Arnold
PATTON, J. B.—Bijli the Dancer, 6/- ......Methuen
[*See p.* 50.]
PENBERTHY, Mrs. C. P.—Warp and Woof of Cornish Character, 2/6 ......Ideal Publishing Union
[*A volume of pleasant little stories. The feeling is true, the touch is fine, and the dialect characteristic but not unintelligible.*]
PENNY, Mrs. F.—The Romance of a Nautch Girl, 6/- ..Sonnenschein
PRESCOTT, E. L.—Dearer than Honour, 6/- ......Hutchinson
PRESCOTT, E. L.—Red Coat Romances, 3/6 ......Warne
PROCTOR, H. B.—The Mummy's Dream, 2/- ......Simpkin
[*The writer closes by pluming himself on the fact that such stories as his are not common. We are not very sorry. The book is a curious conglomeration of hypnotism, Egyptology, Higher Criticism, and mild humour. It is pleasing to know that the ancient Egyptians had lightning conductors and hot cross buns, and that the latter were more like pancakes. But after being told that "the odyle must not be mixed," and having, along with the hero, got our "soul under the sole influence of the odylic forces of Oli-Mel," it is disconcerting to encounter anybody so prosaic as "Mr. Cox."*]
PUGH, E.—King Circumstance, 6/- ......Heinemann
[*See p.* 49.]
QUITTENTON, R.—Giant Land: The Wonderful Adventures of Tim Pippin, 3/6 ......Henderson
ROBINSON, F. W.—All They Went Through, 6/- ......Long
[*See p.* 50.]
ROTHERHAM, A.—The New Quest, 6/- ......Nutt
SAHN, L.—Lutes and Rifts......Stock
[*A bright and pleasant story.*]
SCOTT, A.—Chiefly Concerning Two, 2/6 ......Digby, Long
[*Why the story of the "two" should have been told is a mystery. It is unpleasant, uninteresting, and pointless.*]
SCULLY, W. C.—Between Sun and Sand, 6/- ......Methuen
SERGEANT, A.—Miss Betty's Mistake, 6/-......Hurst & Blackett
SPEIGHT, T. W.—The Secret of Wyvern Towers, 3/6......Chatto
ST. AUBYN, A.—Fortune's Gate, 6/-......Chatto
[*See p.* 50.]
St. Olave's. By the author of "Janita's Cross," 2/6......Hurst
STRETTON, H.—The Soul of Honour, 3/6......Isbister
[*A readable story by the writer of "Jessica's First Prayer." There are some interesting scenes from East End life.*]
SWIFT, B.—The Destroyer, 6/-......Unwin
[*See p* 48.]
TARBET, W. G.—Fighting for Favour, 3/6......Arrowsmith
[*See p.* 49.]
TURVILLE, W.—Between Two Wives, 6/-......Sonnenschein
[*Rather a tiresome story. The humour is heavy, and the heroine is not interesting. Besides, it plays with probabilities a good deal. Surely a man could not have his own wife—even in the disguise of a doctor's boy—in his employment for months, driving out with him constantly, without recognising her. Her freak was improbable enough to begin with, and too utterly irrational even for a woman, and a story-book woman.*]
VANNY, J.—How I Dished the Don; and other Stories, 3/6..Digby
[*The Don was Spanish, not Academic, and all the stories have to do with Spain and its commerce with England. The Don was "dished" by being made to pay his account. The last item in the volume is not a story, but a description of a bull fight. The tales are not specially striking, but they are readable.*]
WAITE, V.—Cross Trails, 6/-......Methuen
WHISHAW, FRED.—Bates and His Bicycle, 1/-......Bowden
WINTER, J. S.—The Peacemakers, 6/-......White
WEST, B. B.—Pelican House, E.C., 6/-......Unwin
YOLLAND, E.—Mistress Bridget, 6/-......White

NEW EDITIONS.

ALLEN, GRANT.—Under Sealed Orders, 2/-....................Chatto
BALZAC, H. DE.—The Jealousies of a Country Town, trans. by E. Marriage, 3/6....................Dent
[*Messrs. Dent's magnificent edition of Balzac's novels is nearing completion, and we can only reiterate our admiration for the altogether perfect manner in which they are produced. No bookman's shelves will be complete without them.*]
BESANT, Sir W.—The Revolt of Man, 2/- and 2/6..............Chatto
BICKERDYKE, J.—Daughters of Thespis, 2/6..................Simpkin
BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—The Dream Charlotte, 3/6............Black
BUCHANAN, R.—Effie Hetherington, 2/6 ....Unwin
CAREY, R. N.—Barbara Heathcote's Trial, 3/6..............Bentley
CROCKETT, S. R.—The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men, 2/6 Unwin
COLERIDGE, M. E.—The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, 1/- ....Chatto
CONWAY, H.—Bound Together, 3/6........................Macqueen
CROMMELIN, M.—Half Round the World for a Husband, 2/6 Unwin
CAINE. HALL.—The Deemster, 6d..........................Chatto
[*"The Deemster" for sixpence! Print clear, paper good, and a portrait on the cover! Adjectives fail us.*]
CRANE, W.—The Baby's Opera, 5/-.......................Routledge
DICKENS, C.—Our Mutual Friend, 12/-....................Chapman
ELIOT, GEORGE.—Romola, 3/6..........................Blackwood
ELIOT, GEORGE.—Silas Marner, 2/6 ....Blackwood
FIELDING, H.—Tom Jones, 2/-..........................Routledge
FREDERIC, H.—Seth's Brother's Wife, 3/6....................Chatto
GOLDSMITH, O.—The Vicar of Wakefield, 2/6 ....Service
[*A charming edition, with a number of illustrations.*]
GASKELL, Mrs.—North and South, 2/-..........................Scott
GRANT, JAMES.—One of the Six Hundred, 6d........ ....Routledge
HAGGARD, H. R.—King Solomon's Mines, 6d. ....Cassell
[*A very readable edition. Wonderful at the price.*]
HAWTHORNE, N.—The Scarlet Letter, 6d...................Downey
KAVANAGH, J.—Adele, 2/6...................................Hurst
KAVANAGH, J.—Nathalie, 2/6................................Hurst
KERNAHAN, C.—A Strange Sin, 6d. and 1/-..............Ward, Lock
MARRYAT, Captain.—The Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Sonora, and Western Texas, 3/6 Routledge
MARRYAT, Captain.—Poor Jack, 2/6.......................Macmillan
MARRYAT, Captain.—The Midshipman Easy, 1/6..............Newnes
[*A convenient and clearly printed edition.*]
MEREDITH, G.—The Adventures of Harry Richmond, 6/-...Constable
MEREDITH, George.—Beauchamp's Career, 6/-...............Constable
[*We have nothing but praise for this charming edition of Mr. George Meredith's masterpieces. These volumes will surely occupy an honoured position in many a library.*]
NEWBOLT, H.—Taken from the Enemy, 1/-....................Chatto
OLIPHANT, Mrs.—Old Mr. Tredgold, 2/6............ ....Longmans
PAIN, BARRY.—Stories and Interludes, 3/6..................Harper
PAIN, BARRY.—The Kindness of the Celestial; and other stories, 3/6 Harper
"PANSY."—Tip Lewis and his Lamp, 1/6...................Routledge
RUSSELL, W. C.—The Frozen Pirate, 6d..........................Low
RUSSELL, W. C.—John Holdsworth, Chief Mate, 6d...........Low
RUSSELL, W. C.—Is He the Man? 2/-.........................Chatto
SCHREINER, O.—Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland, 2/6..Unwin
SCOTT, Sir W.—Guy Mannering. Temple Edition, 1/6........Dent.
[*The Temple Edition of Scott's Novels is certainly the most tasteful and convenient of all the pocket editions on the market.*]
SCOTT, Sir W.—The Heart of Midlothian, two vols. Temple Edition, 3/-..Dent
SCOTT, Sir W.—Old Mortality, 1/6...........................Service
SCOTT, Sir W.—The Bride of Lammermoor, 1/6..............Service
SCOTT, Sir W.—Old Mortality, 3/6..........................Nimmo
[*The latest volume of this excellent Border Edition.*]
SCOTT, Sir W.—(Century Edition) Ivanhoe; Kenilworth; The Fair Maid of Perth; Woodstock. Each 1/-....Fisher Unwin
[*The latest and cheapest of the many editions of Scott's novels is distinctly handy in size and shape. The print and paper are really remarkable value for the money.*]
STEVENSON, R. L.—Catriona, 3/6............................Cassell
STEVENSON, R. L.—Kidnapped, 2/6..........................Cassell
[*Stevenson's novels should find many new readers in this cheap edition, but why were not the two books put in a similar binding?*]
SERJEANT, A.—Told in Twilight, 2/-...........................White
THACKERAY, W. M.—Vanity Fair, 6/-...................Smith, Elder
Young Mistley.—By the author of "Prisoners and Captives," 6/- Bentley

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BICKERSTETH, Dr. E. H.—Septett of Missionary Hymns, 6d.....Low
[*The Bishop of Exeter in his early days as a deacon wrote a Hymn for the Jubilee of the C.M.S. in* 1848, *and now fifty years after he writes another for the Society's second Jubilee in* 1898. *These with five more in a similar vein are issued together. The circumstances lend an additional interest to the hymns, but for their own sake they are worthy of attention. They are dignified and spirited, and in every way suitable to their purpose.*]
BINYON, L.—Porphyrion, and Other Poems, 5/- ....Richards
[*See p.* 42.]
COLMORE, G.—Points of View, and Other Poems, 3/6 ....Gay & Bird
[*The "points of view" are the saddest possible, and the poems do not make them any brighter. The best—those in the first group—are from their effectiveness the most depressing of all.*]
DALZIEL, G.—Unconsidered Trifles...........................Stock
[*A volume of unremarkable verse. There is little to find fault with and less to praise. The ideas are excellent and orthodox. The expression is a little prosaic and a little ponderous.*]
DAVENPORT, D.—Wroxall Abbey, and Other Poems, 2/6..Kegan Paul
[*There is something so naively and complacently bad about "Wroxall Abbey" that criticism is disarmed. The writer takes an old-world legend for subject and ambles placidly through it in a tripping tetrameter which only very occasionally suggests real poetry. Then, as if for the sake of contrast, he gives, in an important-looking "note," Burgess's version of the legend in fine old-fashioned prose. Mr. Davenport, in defiance of precedent, does his best work in blank verse. The "New Zealand Mail-Bag" is not bad. But the lyrics from Anacreon, which conclude the book, are more like Dr. Watts than the Greek.*]
Euripides: Tragedies, in English Verse. By A. S. Way, vol. 3, 6/- Macmillan
FISHER, L.—A Twilight Teaching, and Other Poems, 6/-.. ...Unwin
[*Some of these, such as "Syrinx" and "Niobe" are promising, but most are amateurish.*]
Goethe, Clavigo, 3/6 .... Nutt
Horace: The Epodes, trans. by A. S. Way, 2 -............Macmillan
JENNINGS, J. G.—From an Indian College, 3/6.......... Kegan Paul
[*There is a meaning here, and a very fine meaning, but it is an elusive meaning and we have not caught it. Perhaps we might have succeeded better if the writer had not arranged his matter in lengths with rhymed terminations. As it is, we only catch a glimpse of an occasional good thing peeping through.*]
LEAF, W.—Versions from Hafiz, 5/- .... Grant Richards
LOVEMAN, R.—Poems .... Lippincott
[*There are some graceful lyrics among these odds and ends of verse. They are only trifles, but they are pretty trifles, like the little blue and white book itself.*]
MARSHALL, W.—Aarbert, 5/- .... Sonnenschein
[*Unconventional alike in language and in subject. The writer mistakes archaism for purity of diction. Surely "swinsong" for "harmony" is no less of an abuse of Anglo-Saxon than "Zoohygiantics"—whatever it may mean—is of Greek. With such Saxon eccentricities in his vocabulary he writes a drama portraying the process of conversion in a man's soul, too serious a matter, in our opinion, to be made the subject of literary experiments. But the writer intends no irreverence, and is deeply in earnest both in his philology and his religion.*]
MOORE, D.—Nightshade and Poppies, 3/6 .... Long
[*Decidedly above the average. The humorous verses—the "poppies," presumably—are smart, and some of the others show power though not poison, in spite of the suggestive "nightshade" of the title.*]
PATON, W. R.—Anthologiæ Græcæ Erotica, 3/6 .... Nutt
SHAKESPEARE.—Poems, ed. by George Wyndham, 10/6.... Methuen
[*See p.* 40.]
SHAW, B.—Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant, 2 vols., 10/- Grant Richards
[*See p.* 43.]
SOMERVILLE, J.—A Foursome at Rye ....Deacon
[*Celebrates in dramatic poesy the immortal game of golf and the rollicking dinner which is supposed to follow, and sounds with enthusiasm "The Slogan of Civilisation, the strident cry of 'Fore!'"*]
STEVENSON, R. L.—A Lowden Sabbath Morn, illustrated by A. S. Boyd, 6/-....................................Chatto
[*See p.* 44.]
WAUGH, A.—Legends of the Wheel, 2/6................Arrowsmith
[*A capital little book, lively, humorous, smart. One does not need to be a cyclist to appreciate these verses, though wheelfolk will naturally get the best out of them.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

BROWNING, R.—Dramas, with Introduction by Oscar Browning, 3/6 Routledge
Homer, The Iliad, Books I.-VIII. Trans. by A. Pope, 1/-....... Bell
SHAKESPEARE.—Works, ed. by Charles Knight, 3/6...... Routledge
SPENSER, E.—The Faerie Queene, Books 2 and 3, ed. by K. M. Warren, 1/6 each.......................... Constable

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

AUDUBON, M. R.—Audubon and his Journals, 2 vols., 30/-....Nimmo
BESANT, Sir W.—Alfred, 6/-..............................H. Cox
BIDDLE, A. J. D.—The Madeira Islands, 9/-......................Gay
Brighter Years, the Second Part of the Autobiography of Sydney Watson, 3/6..................................Hodder
BURTON, Sir R. F.—The Jew, the Gipsy, and El Islam, 21/-
CARR, Dr. J. A.—The Life of Edward White Benson, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, 6/-.....................Stock
CHALMERS, J.—Fighting the Matabele, 3/6..................Blackie
[*A refreshingly frank and unvarnished account of the writer's experiences during the Matabele insurrection of* 1896. *There is no attempt apparently to gloss over the horrors of savage warfare, and sometimes the details of barbarism and cruelty are revolting. But it is right that stay-at-home folks should have a true idea of the state of things, for practical knowledge throws a new light on many incidents, and gives a new colour to many theories. The story is graphically told in plain, often colloquial language.*]
CLARK, Rev. A.—Lincoln College History, Oxford, 5/-.....Robinson
[*See p.* 44.]
Clark, Stewart, by S.E.S.C., 7/6............................Bailliere
DARRAH, H. Z.—Sport in the Highlands of Kashmir, 21/- Rowland Ward
Dictionary of National Biography, ed. by Sidney Lee, vol. 54, 15/-, 20/- Smith, Elder
DYER, E. J.—The Routes and Mineral Resources of North-Western Canada, 6/-....................................Philip
HOLLAND, B.—Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland, 7/6..........Arnold
IRVING, H. B.—The Life of Judge Jeffreys, 12/6..........Heinemann
JAMES, L.—The Indian Frontier War of 1897, 7/6.........Heinemann
JOHNSON, C.—The New England Country, 7/6...........Kegan Paul
LEADER, J. D.—The Record of the Burgery of Sheffield, 10/6..Stock
MACDOWALL, H. C.—Henry of Guise, 8/6................Macmillan
MACLACHLAN, T. B.—Mungo Park (Famous Scots Series), 1/6 Oliphant
[*Gives not merely a concise and satisfactory biography of one who ought to be among the most famous of "Famous Scots," but an outline of the whole story of Niger exploration. The book is an interesting volume of an interesting series.*]
MEREWETHER, F. H.—A Tour Through the Famine Districts of India, 16/-...Innes
NEVINSON, H. W.—Scenes in the Thirty Days' War between Greece and Turkey, 3/6..................................Dent

Paton, W. A.—Picturesque Sicily, 10/6........................ Harper
Reeves. W. P.—New Zealand, 1/6............................Marshall
Reign of Terror, written by Eye Witnesses, trans. from the French. 2 vols., 16/-.............. ....Smithers
Rooker, J.—A Modern Pilgrim in Jerusalem, 2/-...........S.P.C.K.
Rutherford, J.—William Moon, LL.D., and His Work for the Blind, 5/-...Hodder
Statham, F. R.—Paul Kruger and his Times. 7/6.............Unwin
Stokes, Dr. H. P.—Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 5/- Robinson
[*See p.* 45.]
Sykes, E. C.—Through Persia on a Side-Saddle, 16/-...........Innes
Trimmer, F. M.—The Yukon Territory, 21/-........... ....Downey
Wallace, W.—Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, 7/6.........Hodder
Willert, P. F.—Mirabeau, 2/6 ....Macmillan
Winton, Major de.—Soldiering Fifty Years Ago, 4/- *European Mail*
Wylie, J. H.—History of England under Henry IV., vol. 4. 21/- Longmans

New Editions.

Hunt, Leigh.—The Old Court Suburb, 2/6.........................Hurst
Old and New London, 6 vols., 4/6 each............................Cassell
Villari, Prof. P.—The Life and Times of Niccolo Machiavelli, trans. by Madame Linda Villari, 7/6......................Unwin
Yonge, C. D.—The Life of Marie Antoinette, 2/6...............Hurst

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Allcroft, A. H., and Masom, W. F.—A Synopsis of Grecian History to 323 B.C., 2/6....................................Clive
Armitage-Smith, G.—The Free Trade Movement and its Results, 2/6..Blackie
Chambers' Dictionary. 12/6...................................Chambers
Cheetham, T. A.—Chemistry, Elementary, Practical, and Theoretical, 1/6............ ....Blackie
Clease, F. M.—A System of Physical Exercises for the Use of Teachers in Schools and Colleges, 3/6.........Simpkin
Dictionary, A New English, on Historical Principles, edited by J. A. Murray, vol. 5, 5/-................................Frowde
Dublin Examination Papers, 4/-..................................Longmans
Euripides: Medea, literally translated, by W. C. Green, 1/6 ..Simpkin
Grant, Sir A.—Aristotle, 1/-......... .. ..Blackwood
Hooper, F., and Graham, J.—Teacher's Companion to Modern Business Methods, 2/6...........................Macmillan
Horace, The Odes and Epodes of, trans. by A. D. Godley, 2/- Methuen
Huddilston, J. H.—The Attitude of the Greek Tragedians towards Art, 3/6......................................Macmillan
Lindsay, W. M.—The Codex Turnebi of Plautus, 21/-......Frowde
Loney. S. L.– An Arithmetic for Schools, 4/6.............Macmillan
Lupton, S.—Notes on Observations, 3/6......................Macmillan
Maitland, Prof. F. W.—Township and Borough, 10/- Camb. Univ. Press
[*The Ford Lectures of* 1897, *reprinted with many additional notes. A clear and thorough exposition of the growth and government of communities.*]
Mallock, W. H.—Lucretius, 1/-...........................Blackwood
Masom, W. F., and Woodhouse, W. J.—A History of Rome (Univ. Tutorial Series), 4/6...................................Clive
[*Extends from the sack of Rome by the Senones to the end of the Second Punic War—a period of nearly two hundred years. The matter is conveniently divided into numbered paragraphs. and is completed by a chapter on Literature and a set of Test Questions. It is a good text-book to be read with a teacher or in conjunction with fuller accounts*]
Mills, T. R.—Synopsis of Roman History, 390-202 B.C., Interleaved with Test Questions, 1/6.........................Clive
Milton.—Paradise Regained, ed. by A. J. Wyatt, 2/6..........Clive
[*Another of the excellent University Tutorial Series. The text is taken from the* 1671 *edition, and the un-Miltonic punctuation of modern editions is got rid of. The notes are very complete and satisfactory.*]
Morice, Rev. F. D.—Pindar, 1/-..............................Blackwood
Page, T. E.—Virgil: Bucolica et Georgica, 5/-.............Macmillan
Pantaleoni, Prof.—True Economics, trans. by T. B. Bruce, 10/- Macmillan
Pearce, D.—Brush Work; or, Painting without Pencil Outline, 4/6 Charles
Petrie, Prof. W. M. F.—Syria and Egypt, 2/6...............Methuen
Reddaway, W. F.—The Monroe Doctrine, 3/6....Cam. Univ. Press
[*The Monroe Doctrine as understood by the average parlour politician and the doctrine discussed by Mr. Reddaway are by no means identical. He comes very near identifying the history of the "Doctrine" with the history of the foreign policy of the United States, and examines its origin, growth, and practical effectiveness, with all the thoroughness and width of view demanded by a subject of such far-reaching historical and political importance.*]
Robertson, T. S.—The Progress of Art in English Church Architecture, 10/6...Gay
Sedgwick, A.– A Student's Text Book of Zoology, 18/- Sonnenschein
Seward, A. C.—Fossil Plants for Students of Botany and Geology, vol, 1, 12/-..........................Camb. Univ. Press
Shakespeare.—King Lear, ed. by P. Sheavyn, 1/-....A. & C. Black
[*A particularly good edition for school use. The notes are simple, but sufficient for young readers.*]
Strasburger, Dr., and others.—A Text Book of Botany, trans. by H. C. Porter, 18/-..............................Macmillan
Watt, J. C.—Examples of Greek and Pompeian Decorative Work, 36/- Batsford
Work of Walter Crane, The, 2/6 and 5/-......................Virtue
White, Gleeson.—The Master Painters of Britain, 10/6........Jack

New Editions.

Bonney, T. G.—The Story of our Planet, 7/6..................Cassell
Demosthenes, Select Private Orations of: Part I., containing Contra Phormionen, etc., Intro. by F. A. Paley, 6/- Camb. Univ. Press
Fulcher, F. A.—Birds of Our Islands, 5/- ....Melrose
Rae, J.—Contemporary Socialism, 10/6................Sonnenschein
Thring, L. C. W.—Some Elements of English Grammar, 1/6..Relfe
[*An excellent little book, which has already been found very useful for junior pupils.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Argyll (Duke of).—What is Science? 1/- ....Douglas
Bell's Cathedral Series.—Hereford, by A. H. Fisher, 1/6 ....Bell
[*Preserves the excellent features of its predecessors. The illustrations (from photographs) are specially good. The gargoyles, sketched by Mr. Fisher himself, are surely unique even among gargoyles.*]
Bennett, E. A.—Journalism for Women, 2/6 ....Lane
[*See p.* 47.]
Biddle, A. J. D.—The Froggy Fairy Book, 2/6 ....Gay
Biddle. A. J. D.—The Flowers of Life, 4/6 ....Gay
Book of Country Clouds and Sunshine, 7/6 ....Kegan Paul
Boswell, J.—Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson (Temple Classics), 1/6 ....Dent
Cadman, H.—Harry Drindale, Fisherman from Manxland to England, 8/6 ....Macmillan
Chester, N.—Stories from Dante, 3/6...........................Warne
Cromie, R.—Through Southern Norway ....Aickin, Belfast
[*Travel-sketches, bright and readable, reprinted from the "Belfast Evening Telegraph."*]
Dawson, S. E.—The Voyages of the Cabots ....Quaritch
[*The question as to whether John Cabot landed in* 1497 *on the coast of Cape Breton or on that of Newfoundland, whatever "acrimony" may have been introduced into the discussion in Canada, is hardly one to arouse any torrid heat of debate here. But such as are interested in the matter will find in these papers abundant material out of which to form a definite opinion. Apart from the immediate question, the 16th Century maps have a quaint interest*]
Dimock, Rev. N.—Some Notes on the Vindication of the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ, 6d. ....Stock
[*These notes are intended as appendices to the author's pamphlet on "The Christian Doctrine of Sacerdotium," and are incorporated with it in the latest edition. They deal with the interpretation and authority of certain phrases in certain Papal Bulls, and bear upon the recent controversy regarding Anglican orders.*]
Fenton, G.—Certain Tragical Discourses of Bandello, 2 vols., 24/- Nutt
Fitzgerald, P.—Johnsonian Editions...... ....Bliss, Sands
[*See p.* 52.]
Frazer, Mrs. J. E.—Scenes of Child Life in Colloquial French, 1/6 Macmillan
Greenough, J. A. B.—At Dawn of Day, 3/6......Burnet & Isbister
[*Extracts in prose and verse, arranged as daily portions for devotional morning reading.*]
Hagen, M. S.—Talks with Working Men, 3/6..................Cassell
Hulme, F. E.—Cryptography, 1/- ....Ward, Lock
[*In small bulk, a history, a guide, and an "apologia." It does not go very deeply into its subject, but will delight young people (and some old) who retain a taste for puzzledom.*]
Law, E.—The Royal Gallery of Hampton Court, 30/-............Bell
Macfarlane, J.—Library Administration, 6/-..................Allen
[*The technicalities of the librarian's duties are here fully discussed. The book will be interesting to all book lovers, and invaluable to those whom it practically concerns. The methods of various well-known libraries are quoted. but, as is natural, Mr. Macfarlane refers most frequently to that of the British Museum. It is, as Dr. Garnett observes in the Introduction, impossible to draw up a code of rules to suit all libraries, great and small, but the book is full of information and suggestion.*]
Order of Divine Service for Palm Sunday, 2/-.........Art & Book Co.
[*The first of a series of special service books giving in Latin and English the Roman Catholic liturgy for the various feasts.*]
Paton, C. T.—The Origin of Freemasonry, 1/-..............Reeves
Pierson, C. D.—Among the Meadow People, 2/6 ....Dent
Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of all Ages. Compiled by Robert Christy, 2 vols, 7/6...............................Unwin
Rothenstein, W.—English Portraits, Part X., 2/6..Grant Richards
Ryan, W. P.—Literary London: its Lights and Comedies, 3/6 Smithers
Seaton, R. C.—Sir Hudson Lowe and Napoleon, 3/6............Nutt
[*A defence of this much maligned Governor of St. Helena against the accusations brought by his enemies, more particularly by Mr. Barry O'Meara in "A Voice from St. Helena." Mr. Seaton holds that "there was persecution at St. Helena, but Sir Hudson Lowe was the victim of it, not Napoleon." He endeavours to enforce in small compass the very complete vindication of the Governor given by the late Mr. William Forsyth, Q.C.*]
Slater, J. H.—Book Plates and their Value, 15/- ....H. Grant
Symonds, M., and Gordon, L. D.—The Story of Perugia, 3/6 Dent
[*A great deal of learning which might easily have been made ponderous is here presented in vivacious and readable fashion, and in a particularly attractive form. The style is simple and graceful, and tempts one to read on even though the history of Perugia has had no previous attraction. It is altogether an attractive little book.*]
The Queen's Empire, 9/-......................................Cassell
[*A fine collection of photographs. The book is beautifully produced and remarkably cheap.*]
The Statesman's Year Book, 1898, 10/6...................Macmillan
[*An infinite deal of useful information admirably condensed. The new commercial maps and diagrams are interesting and valuable.*]
Wyckoff, W. A.—The Workers, 3/6.......................Heinemann
Vincent, G. E.—The Social Mind and Education, 4/6......Macmillan

New Editions.

Grey, H.—The Classics for the Million, 3/6....................Long
[*An excellent edition, clearly printed, and convenient in size.*]
Paris, 1/- ....Ward, Lock
[*A really admirable guide book. Mr. Greig's illustrations of Parisian types are a new feature, and they certainly help to brighten the pages.*]